

writers have told me the first lesson
is: Find your own voice, I suppose that's
... but not for me. I wanted to write
hundred voices. That's why I decided
everything under and over the sun in as

ANIMALS

PHANT BILL & JACKRABBIT

Did you ever hear about Elephant Bill?
He tramped Elephant grass on Elephant Hill.
He had Elephant ears and an Elephant nose,
And Elephant wrinkles in his Elephant clothes.

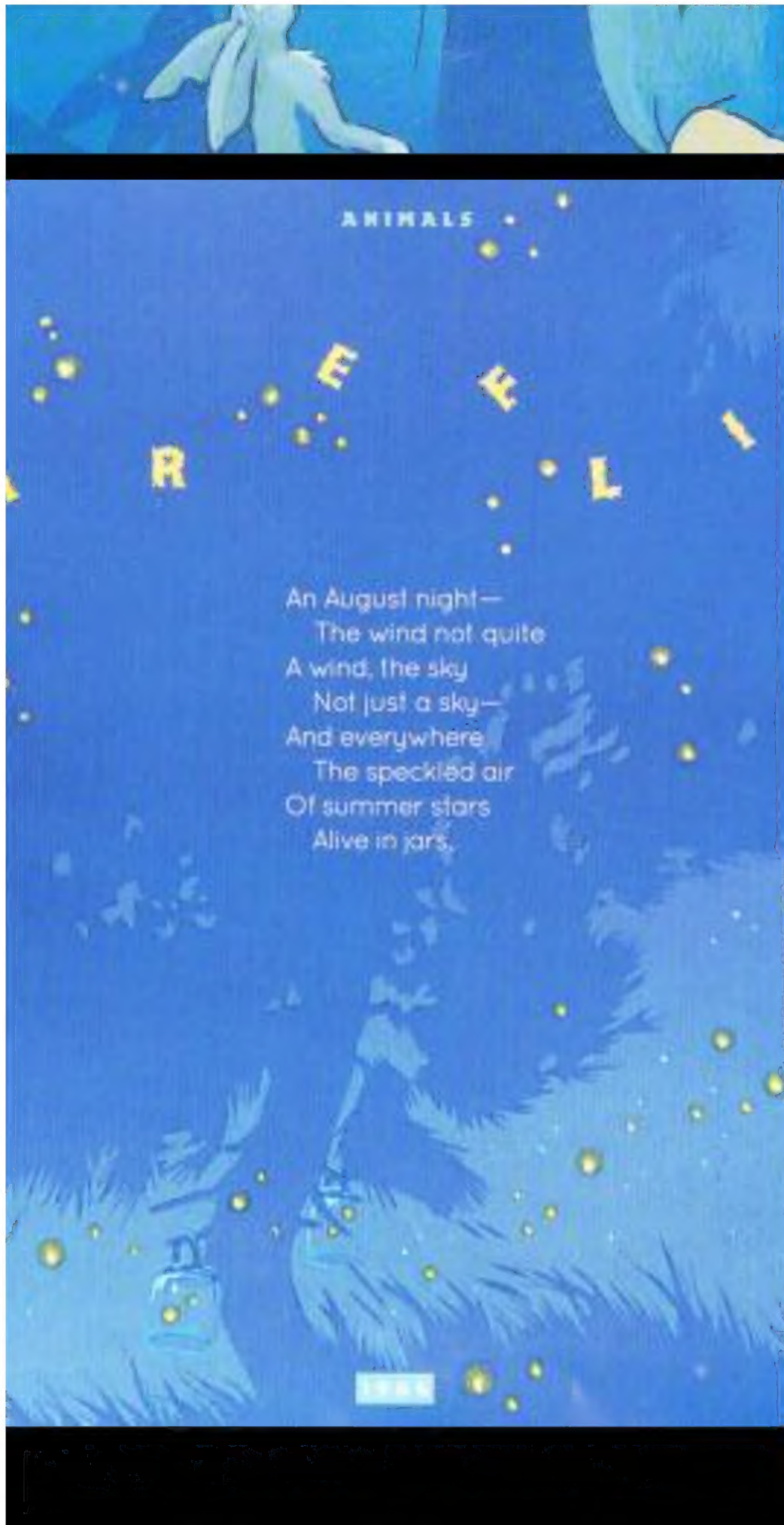
Early one morning with the sun on his back,
Old Elephant Bill met Jackrabbit Jack,
Who had Jackrabbit fur and Jackrabbit teeth
And Jackrabbit jumpers tucked underneath.

Said Jackrabbit Jack to Elephant Bill,
"Let's race to the bottom of Elephant Hill,
Then race back up so that people can see
The mountain that ought to be named after me!"

Elephant Bill gave an Elephant laugh,
He beat Jack downhill by a mile and a half!
But they got to the bottom and had just
turned around
When Elephant Bill heard a terrible sound—

The sound that an Elephant never forgets,
Jackrabbit had turned on his back-jumper jets!
And huffing below, old Elephant Bill
Looked up to the top of ... Jackrabbit Hill.

1987





ANIMALS

MIDNIGHT BLUE,

My mama's name was Nightmare,
My daddy's name was Tricks,
And I was born outside a place called
Blueberry Muffin Mix.

*I'm a cockroach from New Jersey,
And they call me Midnight Blue.
Free and easy living's what I do.
I'll get up to get me a late-night drink,
Cool my heels at the kitchen sink,
And before you know it, this old nose'll
Have me down the garbage disposal—
Easy living's what I do.*

ANIMALS

THE COCKROACH'S SONG

Well, I joined the Roaches' Union,
And I pay my union dues.
I obey the Cockroach Motto:
NEVER SLEEP IN HUMAN SHOES!
But I terrified a plumber once
And I musta spooked a kid
'Cause I got this reputation
For the creepy things I did.

*I'm a cockroach from New Jersey,
And they call me Midnight Blue.
Don't know why folks keep on bowling
Every time they see me crawling...
Cockroach got to come a-calling,
Easy living's what I do.*

Return now



I'm a cockroach from New Jersey,
And they call me Midnight Blue.
Don't know why folks keep on bawling
Every time they see me crawling...
Cockroach got to come a-calling,
Easy living's what I do.

ANIMALS

MOSQUITO

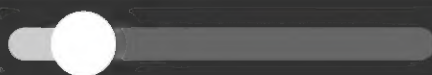
I was climbing up the sliding board
When suddenly I felt
A mosquito bite my bottom
And it raised a big red welt.

So I said to that mosquito,
"I'm sure you wouldn't mind
If I took a pair of tweezers
And I tweezered your behind!"
He shriveled up his body
And he shuffled to his feet,
And he said, "I'm awfully sorry
But mosquitos got to eat!
Still, there are mosquito manners,
And I must have just forgot 'em.
And I swear I'll never never never
Bite another bottom."

But a minute later Archie Hill
And Buck and Theo Brown
Were horsing on the monkey bars,
Hanging upside down.
They must have looked delicious
From mosquito's point of view.
'Cause he bit 'em on the bottoms,
Archie, Buck, and Theo too!

You could hear 'em goin' HOLY!
You could hear 'em goin' WHACK!
You could hear 'em cuss and holler,
Goin' smack, smack, smack.

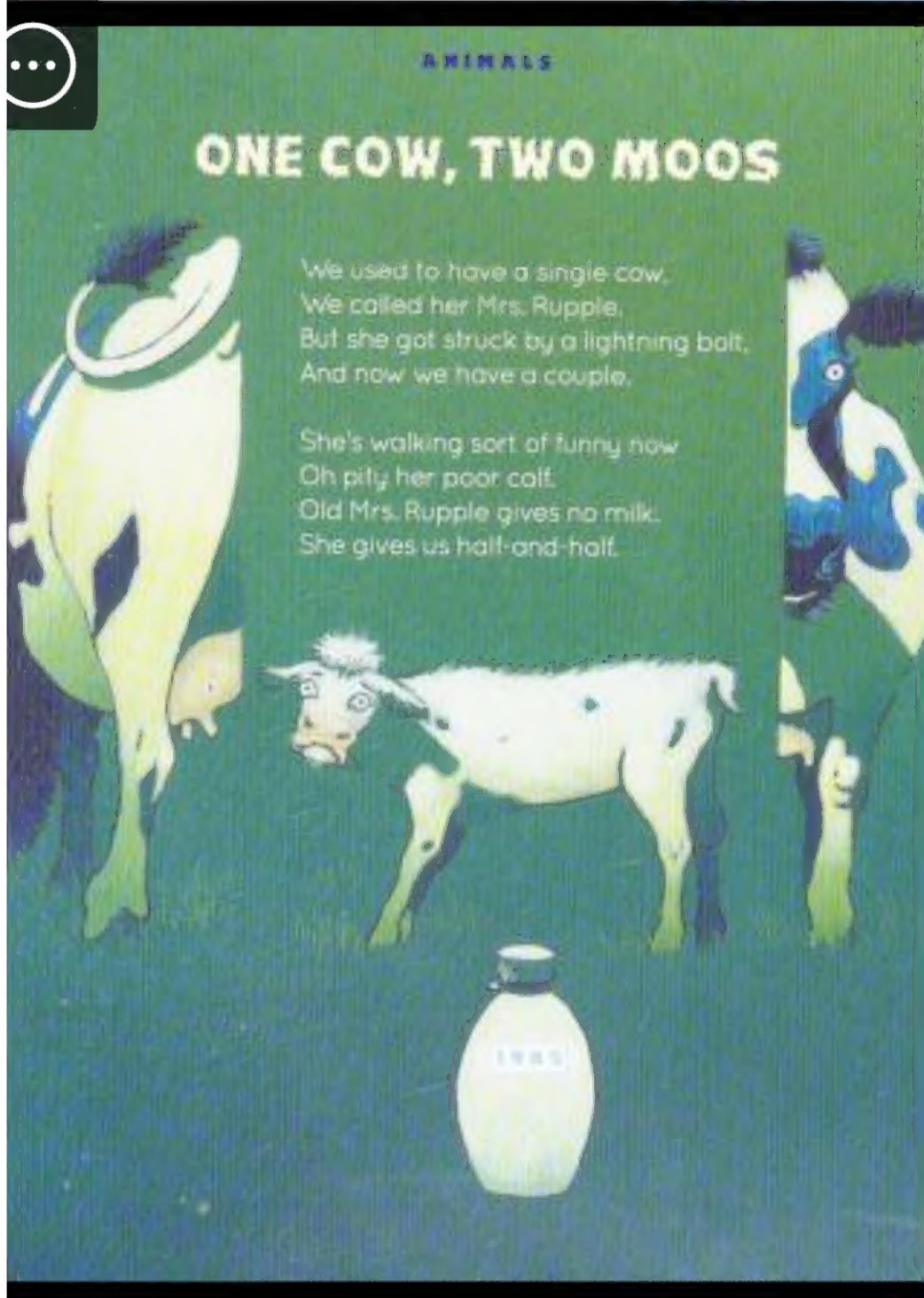
A mosquito's awful sneaky,
A mosquito's mighty sly,
But I never never never
Thought mosquito'd tell a lie.



(17 of 96)



Return now



ANIMALS

ONE COW, TWO MOOS

We used to have a single cow,
We called her Mrs. Ruppel.
But she got struck by a lightning bolt,
And now we have a couple.

She's walking sort of funny now
Oh pity her poor calf.
Old Mrs. Ruppel gives no milk,
She gives us half-and-half.

ANIMALS



ANIMALS

OCEAN DINERS

They open up their beaks and throats
For breakfast off the backs of boats.

Some take a dip and dive for brunch,
Some join the passengers for lunch—

Or swoop in low for sneak attacks
On peanut butter & jelly snacks.

And when they're in a hungry mood,
Seagulls love your finger food!



ANIMALS

SNAKE SONG

Toad got measles
Frog got mumps
Both got such
Disgusting bumps.

They so ugly
It's a sin.
They be jumpin'
Out that skin.

Pay no mind
These creepy items
Close my eyes
I bite 'ems, bite 'ems.

Return now



ANIMALS

A TOMCAT IS

Nightwatchman of corners
Caretaker of naps
Leg-wrestler of pillows
Depresser of laps

A master at whining
And dining on mouse
Designer of shadows
That hide in the house

The bird-watching bandit
On needle-point claws
The chief of detectives
On marshmallow paws

ANIMALS

(21 of 96)



[Return now](#)

ANIMALS

1. *Stylish* *Stylish*
2. *Stylish* *Stylish*
3. *Stylish* *Stylish*
4. *Stylish* *Stylish*

The *Stylish* *Stylish*
The *Stylish* *Stylish*
The *Stylish* *Stylish*
The *Stylish* *Stylish*







ANIMATED

An August night—
The wind not quite
Across the sky
Not just a breeze
And everywhere
The spotted air
Of summer stars
Alive in print





MIDNIGHT BLUE,

My mama's name was Nightmare,
My daddy's name was Tricks.
And I was born outside a place called
Blueberry Muffin Mix.

*I'm a cockroach from New Jersey,
And they call me Midnight Blue.
Free and easy living's what I do.
I'll get up to get me a late-night drink
Cool my heels at the kitchen sink,
And before you know it, this old nose'll
Have me down the garbage disposal—
Easy living's what I do.*



OR THE COCKROACH'S SON

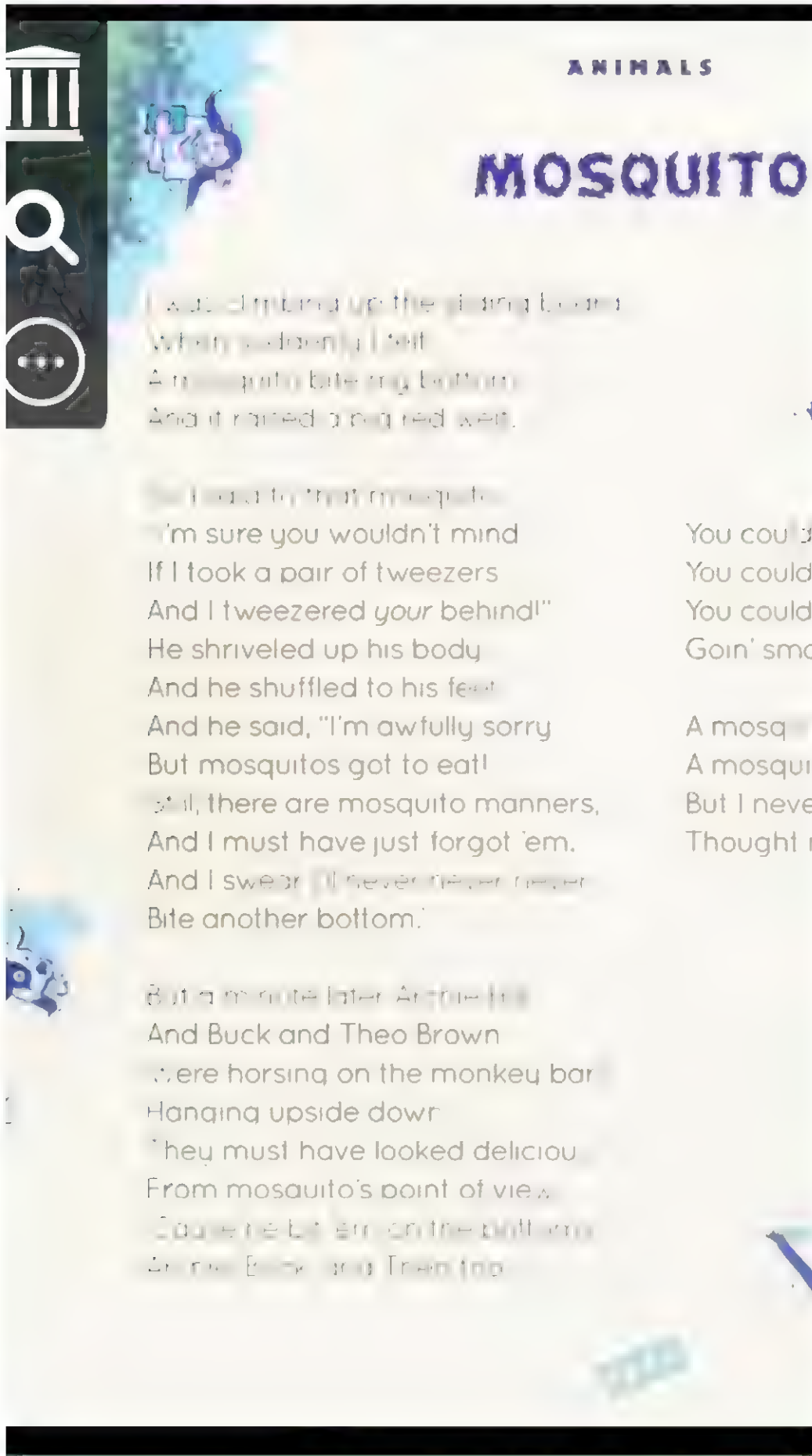
The cockroach from New Jersey,
And they call me Midnight Blue.
Don't know why folks keep on bawling
Every time they see me crawling....
Cockroach got to come a-calling,
Easy living's what I do.

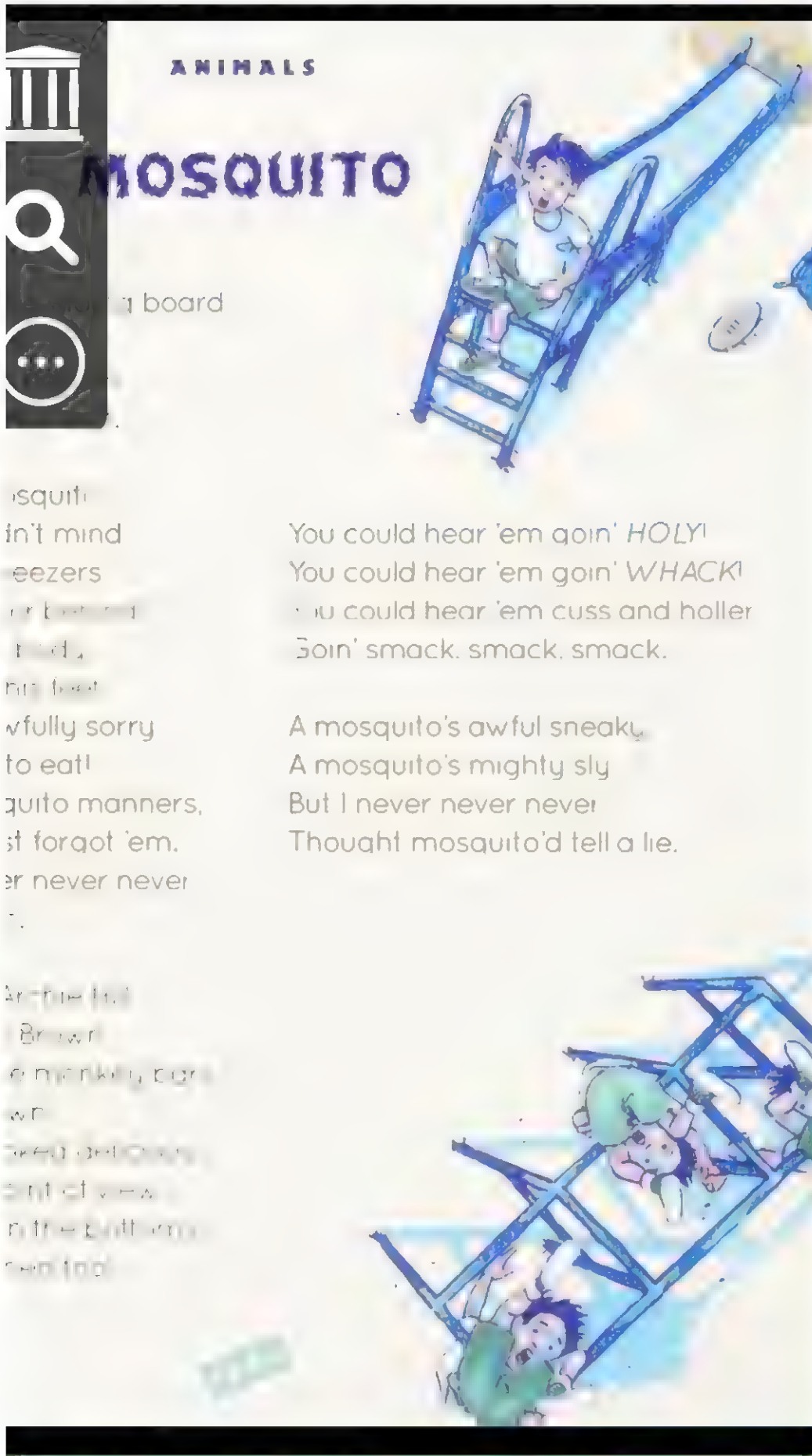
*I'm a cockroach from New Jersey,
And they call me Midnight Blue.
Don't know why folks keep on bawling
Every time they see me crawling....
Cockroach got to come a-calling,
Easy living's what I do.*

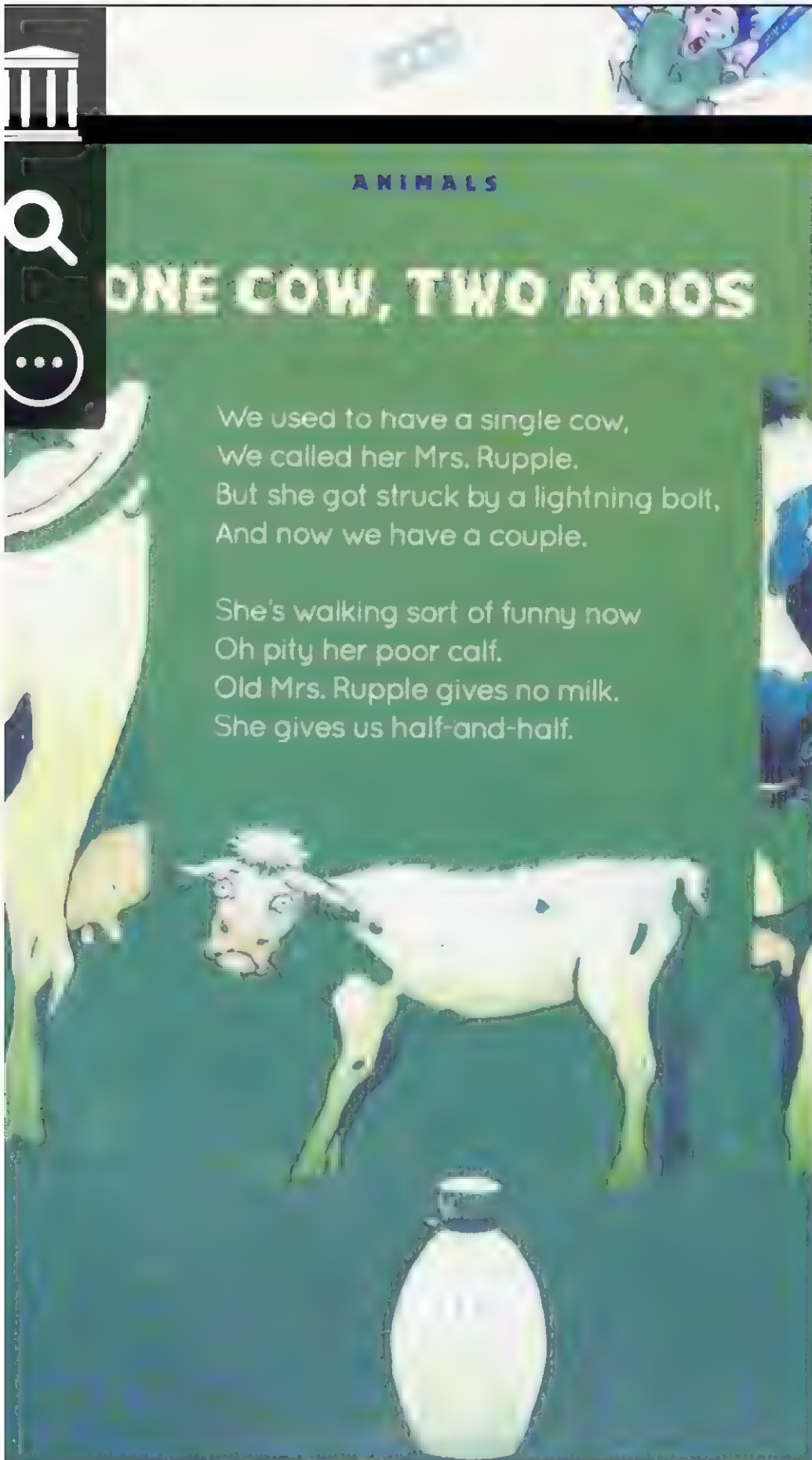
ANIMALS

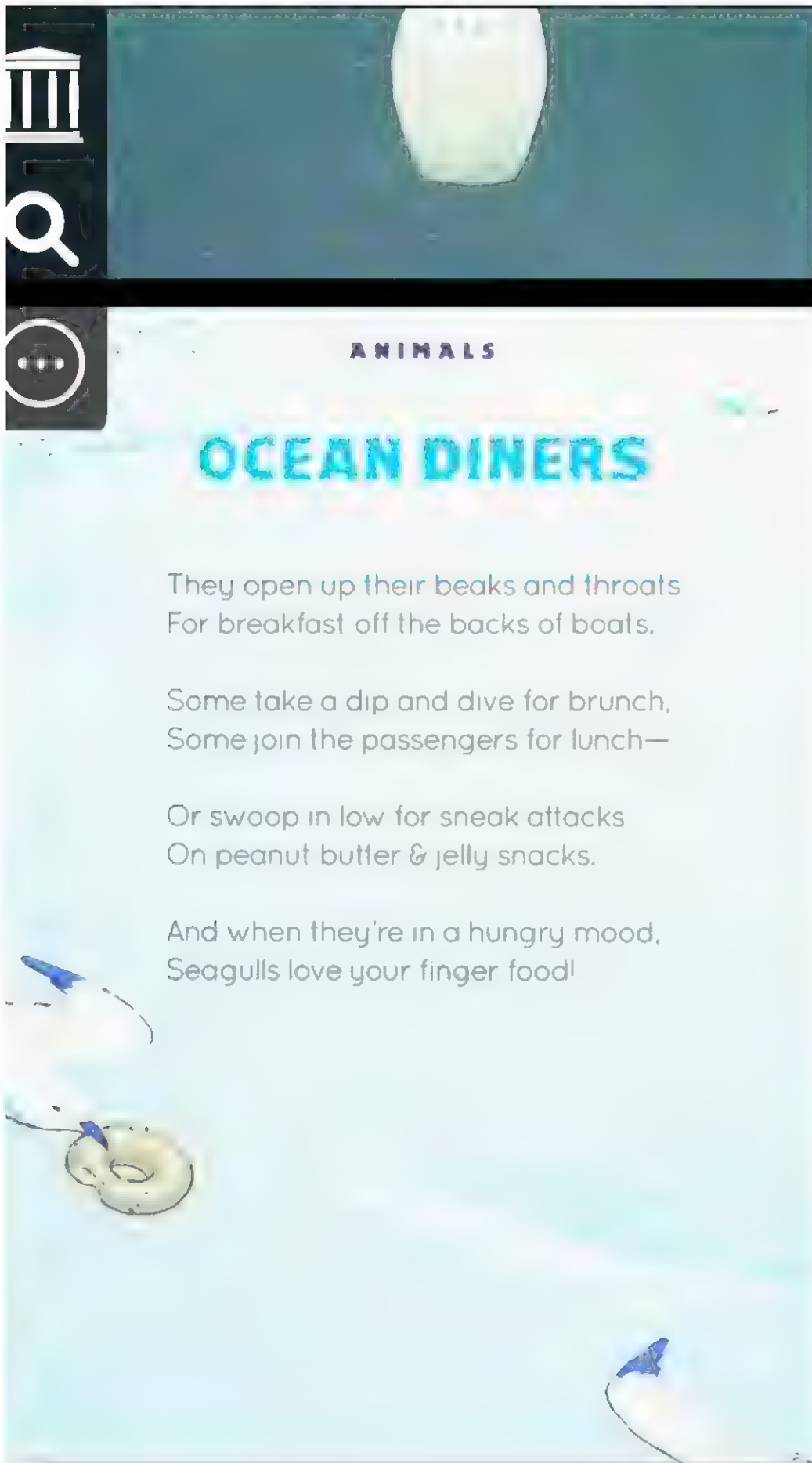
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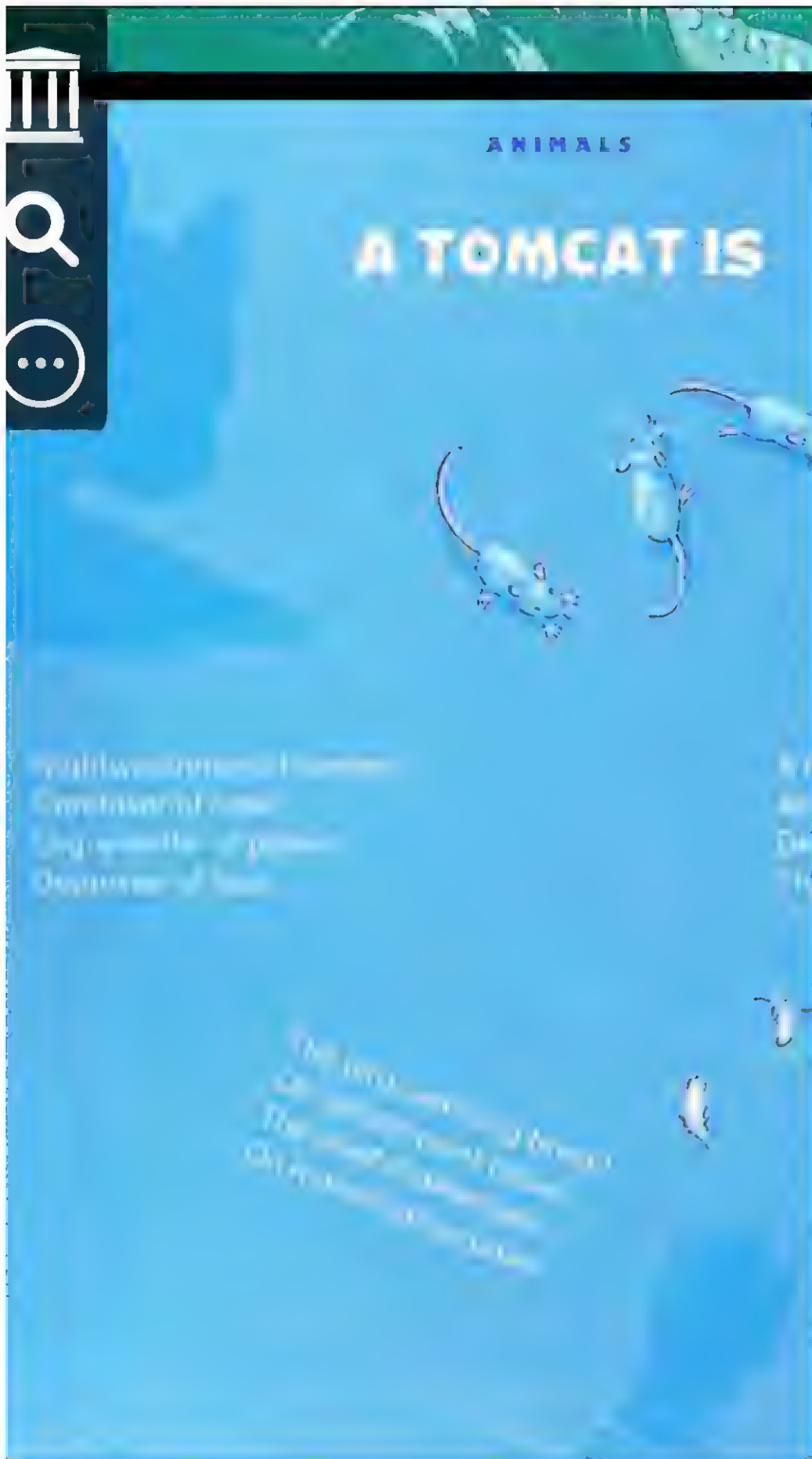














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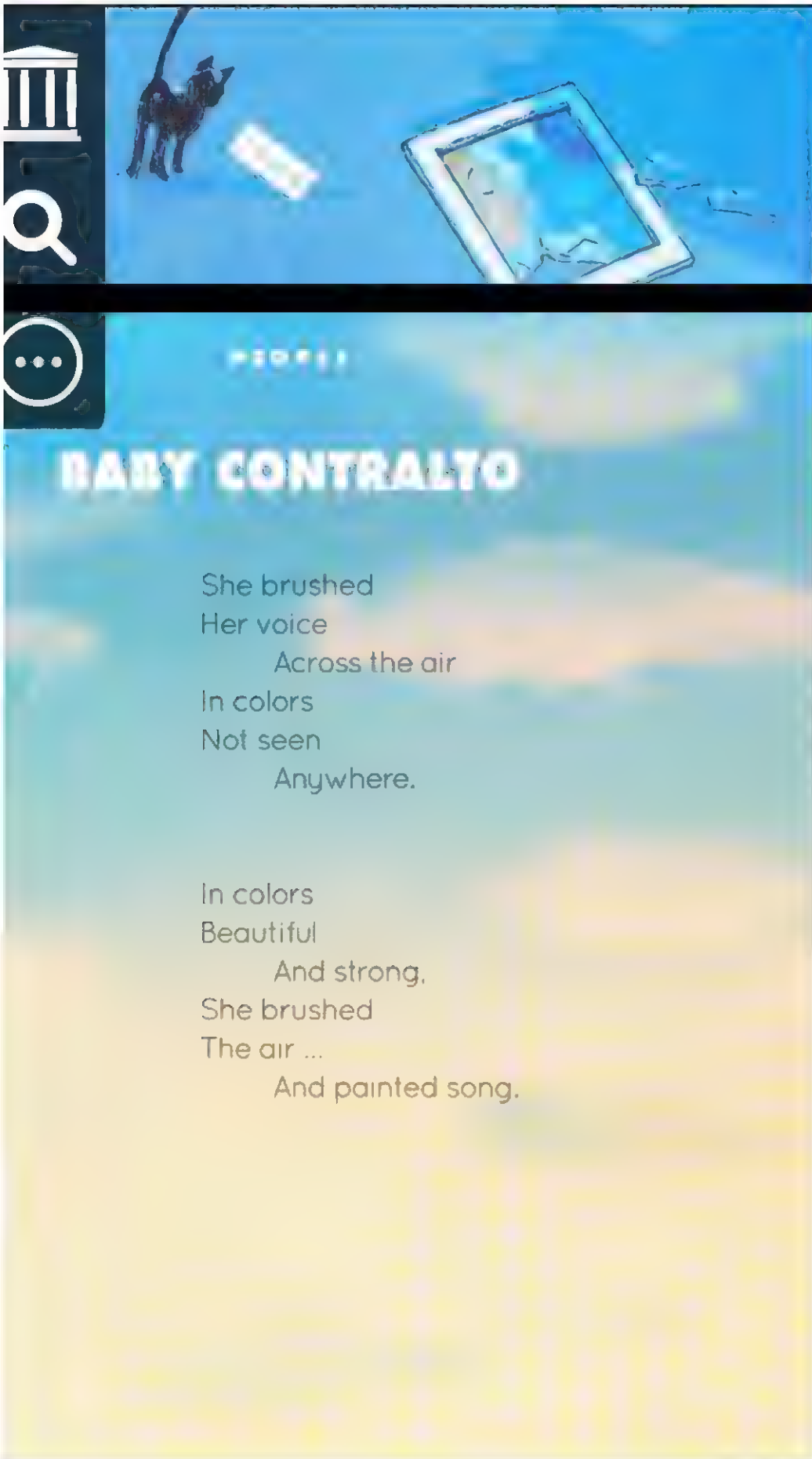
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Everything is a...
archive.org



1994

PEOPLE

THE TRUMPETER

I am the trumpet

Gordon F. (Gordon) F. (Gordon)

I am the cat who

I am the cat who

I am the trumpet

I am the trumpet

I am the cat

I am the cat

I am the trumpet

I am the trumpet

I am the trumpet

I am the trumpet

I am the trumpet

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I am the trumpet

I am the trumpet

I am the trumpet

I am the trumpet

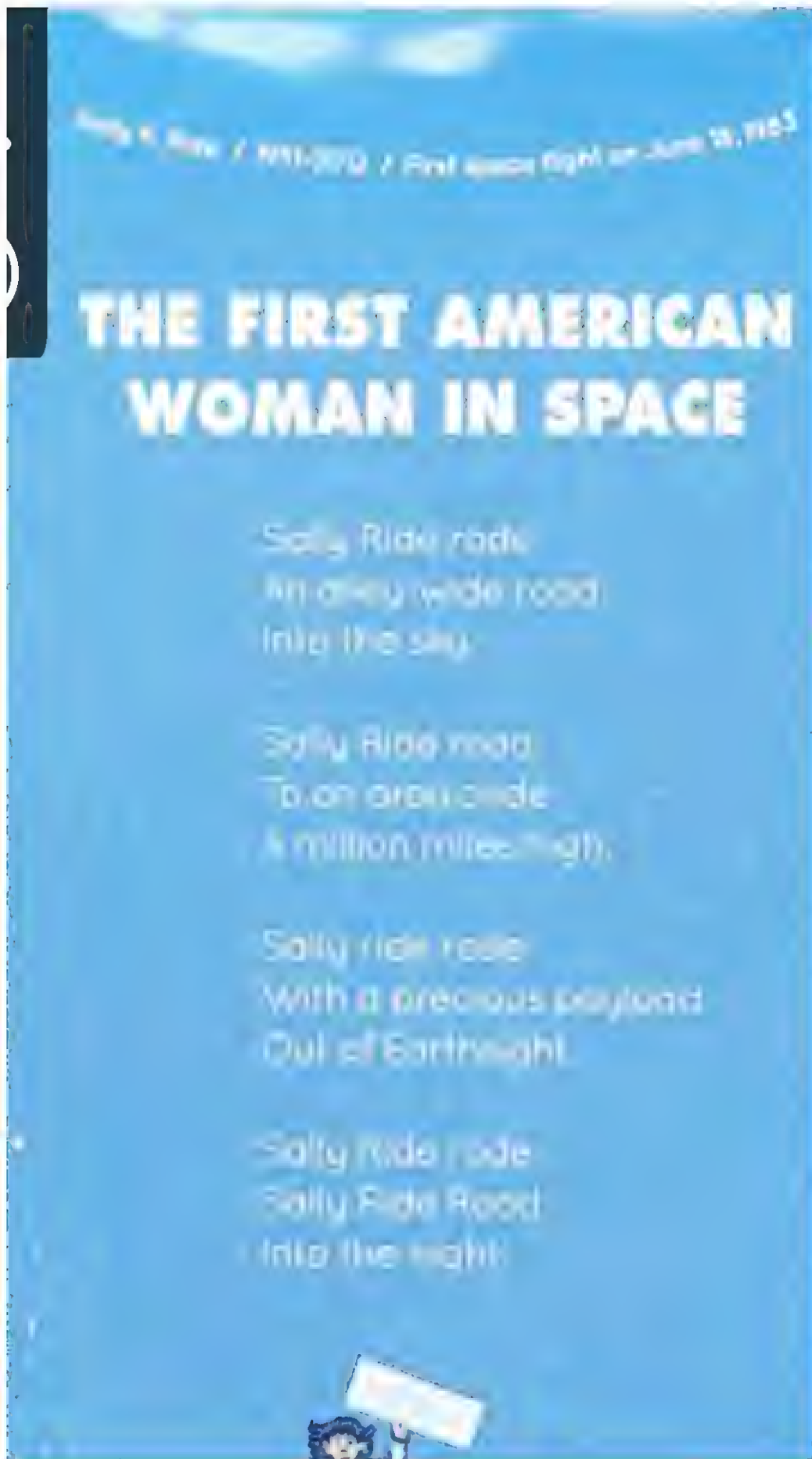
I am the trumpet

I am the trumpet

I am the trumpet

I am the trumpet

I am the trumpet





Return now



THE FIRST HUMAN TO GO OVER NIAGARA FALLS IN A BARREL—AND SURVIVE

How many dare-
Devils had tried
Niagara Falls?
How many died

Before a woman.
Forty-three,
Set out to test
The powers that be.

Her wooden barrel,
Set adrift
Above the Falls,
Soon met the swift

White-crested waves
Where others, brief-
ly pitched and tossed,
Had come to grief.

And like a bobber
Far from shore,
Her barrel plunged
Across the roar

Of History,
In mist and steam
Her little house
Was swept downstream

The rescue
Was amaz-
ing to find the
Woman d

But still all
What did
How else
To see the

Of History,
In mist and steam
Her little house
Was swept downstream

Taylor, Horse

(26 of 96)





Return now



23

THE FIRST HUMAN GO OVER NIAGARA FALLS A BARREL—AND SURVIVE

White crested waves
Where others break
Lashed and tossed,
Had come to grief

The rescue party
Was amazed
To find the daring
Woman dazed.

And like a bobber
Far from shore,
Her barrel plunged
Across the roar

But still alive!
What did she say
How blessed am I
To see the day.

At the
mill and steam,
The little house
Was swept downstream.

Major Horseshoe Falls / October 24, 1901

(26 of 96)





Return now



THE FIRST MAN TO RUN A FOUR-MINUTE MILE

...the first man to run a four-minute mile...
...the first man to run a four-minute mile...
...the first man to run a four-minute mile...
...the first man to run a four-minute mile...
...the first man to run a four-minute mile...
...the first man to run a four-minute mile...
...the first man to run a four-minute mile...
...the first man to run a four-minute mile...
...the first man to run a four-minute mile...
...the first man to run a four-minute mile...



(27 of 96)







Return now



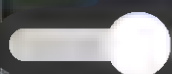
THE BIGGEST BUBBLE-GUM BUBBLE EVER BLOWN

Susan Montgomery Williams one day
Had nothing to do when she went out to play
So she took out some gum
And she started to chew
And to chew and to chew
Like a panda bear munching
A stalk of bamboo

But Susan Montgomery
Williams just knew
If she blew and she blew
And she blew and she blew
She'd pop the world gum blowing
Record in two!

The bubble! It grew
And it grew and it grew
Until it had grown a foot wide
And then ... two!

And now there's a girl
With her name in **Who's Who!**
(It's under Montgomery Williams—
That's Sue.)



(29 of 96)





Return now



PEOPLE

FIRST MEN ON THE MOON

That afternoon in mid-July
Two pilgrims watched from distant shores
The Moon towering in the sky
They rose to meet it face to face.

Their spindly spacecraft Eagle dropped
Down gently on the lunar sand
And when the module's engines stopped
Cold silence fell across the land.

The first man down the ladder, Neil
Spoke words that we remember now—
"Small step for man..." It made us feel
As if we too were there somehow.

When he planted the flag and Buzz
Collected lunar rocks and dust,
They hopped like kangaroos because
of gravity... or wonderlust.

A quarter million miles away
One small blue planet watched it all
And no one who was there that day
Will soon forget the Moon they saw.

(29 of 96)





Return now



PEOPLE

THE GREATEST

His name is Muhammad Ali. He was the first
black man to win the world heavyweight
championship. He was the first black man
to win the Olympic gold medal.

He was the first black man to win the
Nobel Prize. He was the first black man
to win the Pulitzer Prize. He was the first
black man to win the Nobel Peace Prize.

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Nobel Prize. He was the first black man
to win the Pulitzer Prize. He was the first
black man to win the Nobel Peace Prize.

Muhammad Ali b 1942 / Former y Cassius Clay / Heavyweight Boxing Champion

(32 of 96)



Return now

i



PEOPLE

Jesse Owens / Track Star and Olympic Gold Medalist / 1913-1980

I DECIDED... TO STAY UP IN THE AIR FORE

In 1936 Adolf Hitler sat in his new Olympics Stadium, eating a Bratwurst and sweating destiny. 11,000 fans waited for the Games to begin when something happened he could not bear to watch. Only the track stepped the world's fastest human who was not Aryan. Not white.

Not worthy.
Not welcome
The *Fuhrer* looked at the man jump over a jump beyond hope and beyond the dreams farther than any human for the next twenty-f



(32 of 96)





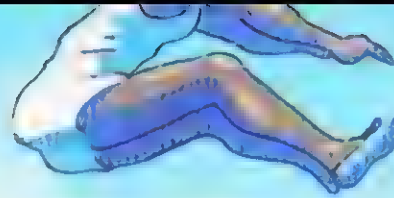
Return now



PEOPLE

29

1913-1980



I DECIDED ... Y UP IN THE AIR FOREVER

Not worthy.
Not welcome
The *Fuhrer* looked away without seeing
the man jump over Germany
jump beyond hope and gravity
beyond the dreams of ordinary people
farther than any human would jump
for the next twenty-four years.

dium.

sweating destiny.

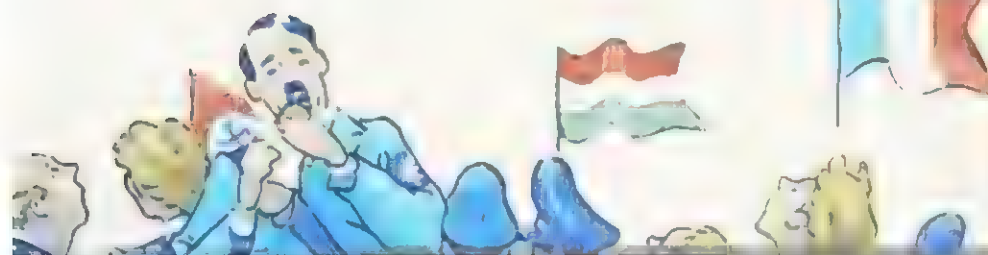
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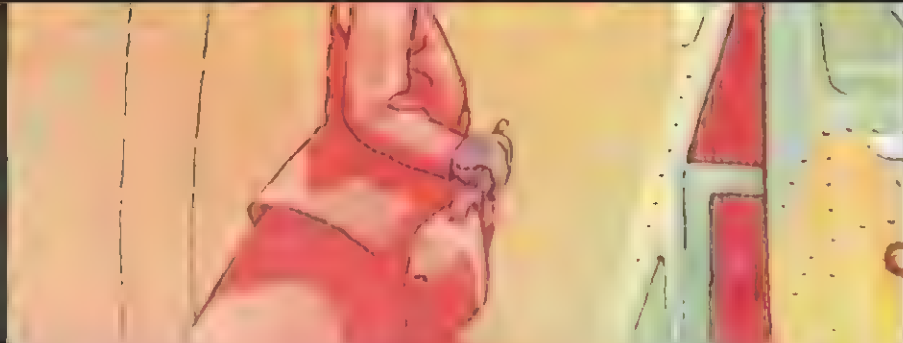


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Return now



PEOPLE

THE MANY PEOPLE AND THE FEW

It was an Alabama day
For both the Many and the Few.
There wasn't really much to do;
No one had very much to say

Until a bus, the 6:15,
Drove by. But no one chanced
to see
It stop to pick up history.
The doors closed slowly on a
scene:

The quiet seamstress paid her
fare
And took the one seat she could
find,
And, as it happened, just behind
The Many People sitting there.

The Many People paid no mind
Until the driver, J. P. Blake,
Told the Few of *them* to take
The deeper seats. But she
declined.

Blake stopped the bus and
called police;
And Many a fire was set that night
And Many a head turned
ghostly white
Because she dared disturb the
peace.

To celebrate the ride that marks
The debt the Many owe the Few,
That day of freedom grew into
The Century of Rosa Parks.

Rosa Parks / Civil Rights Activist / 1913-2005



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Return now



READING

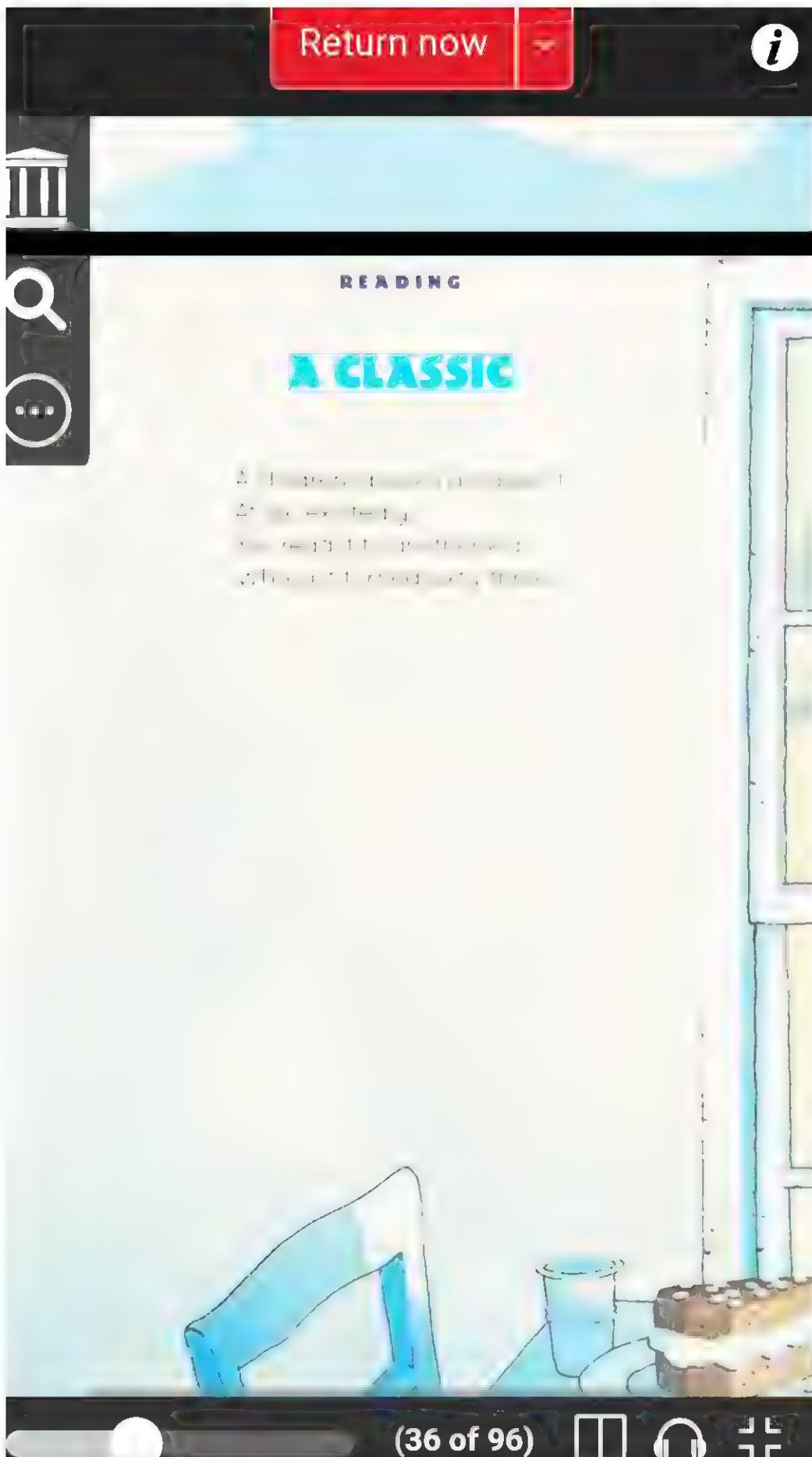
A BOOK IS

A whole lot of words
And letters and
A good time to
A lot of things

A good time to
A good time to
A good time to
A good time to

A good time to
A good time to
A good time to
Under rain-wrecked skies

Barely a word
But a man in a
The book is a
The whole book is





Return now



READING

THE GENTLEMAN BOOKWORM

There once was a Gentleman Bookworm
Ate his words with a fork and a spoon
When friends crawled down
From Book End Tower
He offered them *Goodnight Moon*

He fed them *The Wind in the Willows*
And a page out of *Charlotte's Web*
They were eating his fare
Where the Wild Things Are
When one of the guests with a start

Now sitting there and looking sad
Why should anyone bother to look
You've done it, dear sir,
Now sit down and eat up
A bit of a tale of a book

Having dined at the Table of Content
A worm was galloping up to the host
"And when do we eat?"
"Ah, good appetite!"
Cried the Gentleman Bookworm. "At once!"





Return now



READING

Here is a bowl of my favorite vermicelli
And a drink of a delicious perfume
But the night is quiet
And the night is quiet
Chew them slowly one line at a time

As the warm water helps to get the damp papers
Cooled up in the night and rain
We proceeded to swallow
The poems that follow
Until the day was over them all

When the Gentlemen put their hands ended
Not a poem in the room entered the floor
And the worms who were alone
Crawled away from the table
The last meeting quiet at the door

So please remember the words they wiggled
Home to the book racks and paper book racks
To the paper book racks
To the paper book racks
With a bowl of hot poetry and ink

On what first tried the words of the worm
Who were laughing and then that they were
Then the words of the worm
Up and went the worm
And down into the poetry book

READING

(38 of 96)





Return now



On what turf cried the adder of the worms
who were laughing, "hard that they are!"

Then the adder bowed
Up and walked away

And devoured a poetry book!



READING

PLEASE BURY ME IN THE LIBRARY

Please bury me in the library
in the section with the books
Of the most famous writers
and the best of the poets

Please bury me in the library
with the books of the
great and the good
and the best of the poets
and the best of the poets

Please bury me in the library
with the books of the
great and the good
and the best of the poets
and the best of the poets







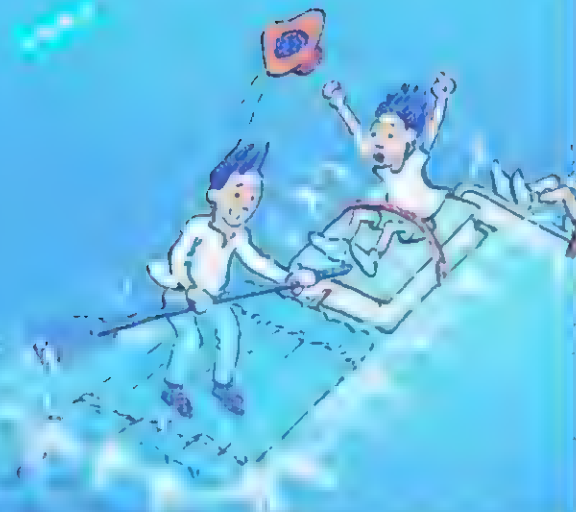


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READING

READ ... THINK ... DREAM

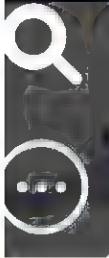


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Return now



SPORTS

BASEBALL POEM





Return now



SPORTS

HOW THE BOOK OF BASEBALL WAS WRITTEN

An old man who lived alone on an island was a little sad. Sprayed by whitecaps, swayed by trade winds, he had only his daybook, a pen, and a young boy's heart for company. Each day the sun rode out at noon.

One morning a word—gleaming and new, never heard before—appeared like the glint of a ship's hull on a distant swell. He watched a gull pose, holding up the sky, a tortoise grip the earth as if it were a carousel. The new word hung in the air until he reached out—and caught it.

Shortstop.

The old man put it down
in his daybook
and kept on writing.





Return now



in his daybook
and kept on writing.

SPORTS

THE KENTUCKY DERBY

Hugging the clubhouse turn,
Whipping along the rail,
The wind at Churchill Downs
Picks up the pace to sail!

With Whirlaway, Citation,
Gallant Fox, Seattle Slew,
Swaps or Secretariat.
'The pack comes into view,

And as they turn for home
Four-leggeds feel the crack-
ing whip hand of the wind
Racing around the track,

But let the records show
Of all the Triple Crowns.
The wind has never won
A Place at Churchill Downs.

(45 of 96)





Return now



the Triple Crowns
The wind has never won
A Place at Churchill Downs.



SPORTS

THE LONGEST
HOME RUN

was longer than
the Wright brothers flew in 15 seconds,
two Statues of Liberty,
three Goodyear blimps,
the width of four football fields,
five Douglas firs,
six blue whales,
seven Diplodocuses
or nine Great Sphinxes!

Your pick.

The Mick

Yankees / 643 feet / September 10, 1960 / Briggs Stadium

(46 of 96)





SPORTS

MY BASEBALL GLOVE

My friend walks in
To see the prize,
Regret and envy
In his eyes.

The leather cracks
In places where
Some hits once and
Without a prayer.

And baseballs, bored
With being caught,
Will beam that seem
An overthought.

Though weather's worn
Its perfect shape,
Remembered now
With packing tape.

My glove knows how
It used to be
And stretches out
To sleep with me.



Return now



RIDDLES AND EPITAPHS

RIDDLES

A magical
a pig for the
a spider is
out words



telling,
selling,
spelling
that amaze.

Do you know
this spider
The pig will
the rest of
this spider,
web writer?
delight her
her days.

What needs to be drilled?
What makes you smile?
What needs to be filled
Every once in a while?
What meets your dinner
And lunch at the door?
What makes an apple
An apple core?

Toeth

[Return now](#)

RIDDLES AND EPITAPHS

RIDDLES

Imagine a castle
without any towers,
or a thundercloud bursting
without any showers.
Now imagine a bull
who loved only flowers.

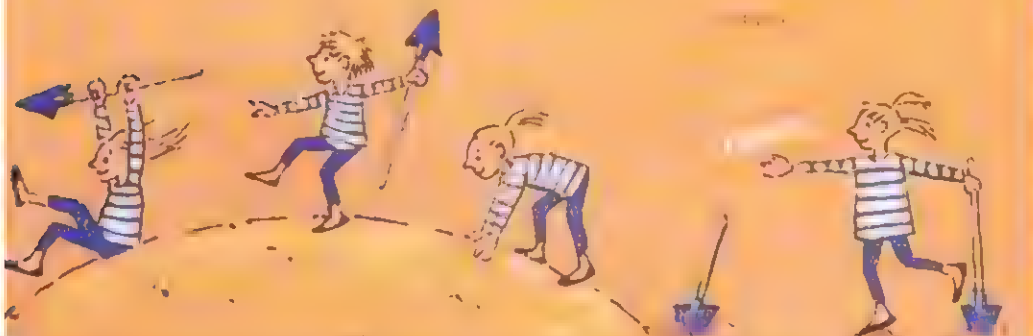
One day he went wild.
(The cause: a bee sting!)
So they brought him to fight
matadors in the ring.
Instead he sat smelling
the flowers of spring.

You can't make a bull
always follow the herd.
The very idea is
completely absurd.

Ferdinand the Bull

To folks in Maine
They're red and round,
And you can find them
Underground.

In Idaho
They're brown and big,
But still grow under-
Ground. You dig?



Return now



RIDDLES AND EPITAPHS

After midnight traffic is gone,
The sun gives a glow light,
But it's dark when we're home,
A gift from the day.

1984

1984





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Return now



RIDDLES AND EPITAPHS

As I was going to St. Albans
I met a Frenchman who told me
that the first of the year had started the first
The second brought a Frenchman
but when the third turned green the year
The third was the first of the year

1884

The road is of a mile
The end of a mile
in front of a building
in front of a building
I was to meet off with
in front of the end
I found you will be my
By an old friend

1884





Return now



FILES AND EPIGRAMS

THESE ARE THE FILES AND EPIGRAMS

THESE ARE THE FILES AND EPIGRAMS

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THESE ARE THE FILES AND EPIGRAMS

THESE ARE THE FILES AND EPIGRAMS



Return now



RIDDLES AND EPITAPHS

I am you
but bigger than you
and longer than you
and darker than you

You are me
but smaller than me
and shorter than me
and scared of me

W. H. D. L. A.

(54 of 96)





Return now

RIDDLES AND EPIGRAMS
TOMBSTONE POEMS**A Dairy Farmer**

Here lies little Larry LaGow,
Who sat in the shade
Of his Galloway cow,
Tied up her tail
Behind a hind udder,
Filled a milk bucket
For Saturday's butter.
Flew off the stool,
Went down on his knees,
Coaxing his cow
For Sunday cream cheese.
Here is a lesson
For Larry LaGow.

NEVER SIT UNDER
A GALLOWAY COW.

(55 of 96)



Return now

i



all Pitcher

or ins.

phits

o beas

A Schoolteacher

Knives can harm you, heaven forbid!

Axes may disarm you, kid.

Guillotines are painful, but ...

There's nothing like a paper cut.

A Gardener

When his days concluded,

His final wish was granted:

First he was uprooted

Then he was transplanted.

(55 of 96)





Everything is a...
archive.org

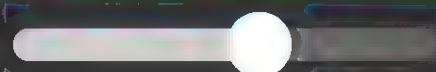


Return now



MOTHER NATURE

THE FIRST RECORDED 3,000-YEAR-OLD TREE IN AMERICA



(55 of 96)



[Return now](#)

THE GRAY OF DAY

Shy Evening paints all heaven gray
Erasing blue from balmy Day

Unrolling white and orders gray
And elms with even, gentle strokes

Then finds the painter whereupor
She dabs her brush ... their lights come on

As if two dozen stars fell down
That winkle life into the town

But Evening's edel leaves undone
One brushstroke streaks at western Sun

To grace the mid-terrace the dress
... a late An Evening ... Point of View

Till he robs her of fading light
That thief of art, black-hearted Night



[Return now](#)

HER-I-CANE

There was a curly her-i-cane
Her name was Lorelei.
And all she ever wanted was
To fly, fly, fly.

She wasn't like the other girls.
For Lori never grew
Into a proper her-i-cane
That flew, flew, flew.

She twisted round the ocean.
She meant to touch the sky.
It took her tiny breath away
To try, try, try.

So Lorelei decided
To a gentle wind be true—
She breezed right into autumn
And she blew, blew, blew.

1990

Return now

NATURE'S ART GALLERY

wind's paintbrush strokes in streaks the trees.
It knows without
being
told
this miracle
ages
old—
Novembering
maples
gold.



Return now



MOTHER NATURE

ORANGE JOHNSON

Orange Johnson
Wakes at dawn.
Feels his golden
Slippers on,
Climbs the summer
Sky at noon.
Trading places
With the moon.

Orange Johnson
Runs away
With the plan
Tag and a dog
Switching off the
Globe on sight
Pulling down
The shade at night

[Return now](#)

MOTHER NATURE

WHAT A DAY

But Mother Nature has her own ideas

Morning, afternoon

evening

night

reading now

the first

Night

what's the best work

the first

Light



Return now



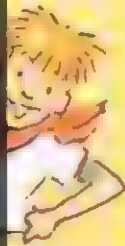
WEATHER, BY THE OLD MASTERS

The magnificent picture
of an April
afternoon
with
a wind machine
a quail
a cow
a little chimney
a house
a garden



[Return now](#)

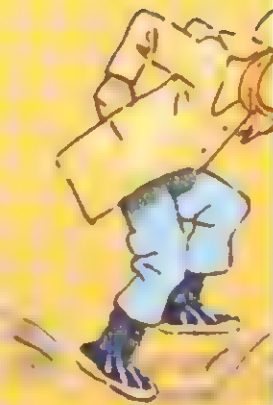
WHAT TO WEAR WHERE



When I was a boy
In Looziana,
We wore blue jeans
And a red bandanna.



My folks moved up
To the state of Maine,
We wore duck shoes
In slicker-suit rain.



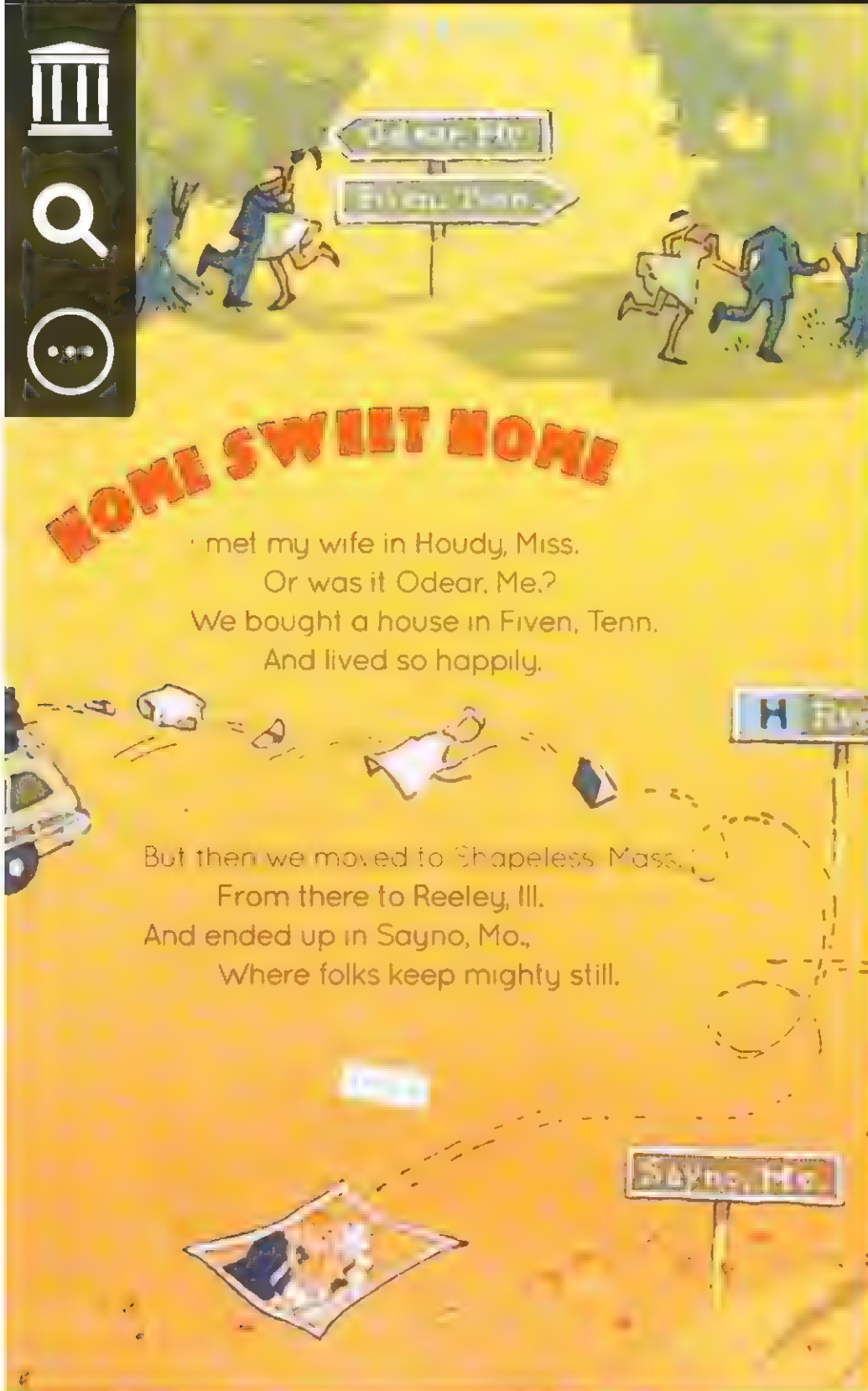
My folks moved down
To the state of Texas.
We wore brand names
Like Lazy X's.



Now that we're living
It up in Vermont,
We wear pretty much
Whatever we want.



Return now



Return now



OKEFENOKEE SWAMP SONG

Southern Georgia/Northern Florida

The panthers run
And the alligators sun
Themselves in the Okefenokee,
Where the cypress smoke
And the frogs go croaking
Down in the Okefenokee.

Drips turpentine,
And folks sure love to monkeyshine
Down in the Okefenokee



Return now



Old Spanish moss

Sweeps heaps across

A swamp the color of Worcestershire sauce

Down in the Okefenokee.

On a mossy journey

Through the Okefenokee

On a mossy journey

Through the Okefenokee

[Return now](#)

PLACES

HOWLY AROUND THE U.S.A.

If I had nothing else to do ...

I'd write a birthday card to you
But send it off to someone who,
Say, lived in Millinocket, Maine,
And very carefully explain
That she should quickly mail it on
By way of Portland, Oregon,
And when it got there they would know
To forward it to Buffalo,
New York, so that the person there
Would have to send it first class air
To Boston, Mass. and back again
By overnight delivery.

Then, from Nashville, Tennessee to Knox-
Ville, c/o of Auntie's P.O. Box,
So she could zip it Fed Express
To your Chicago, Ill. address.
And someday, maybe mid-July—
A birthday card!—you'd wonder why
It took so long to get to you!
I'd call you up and tell you, too ...

If I had nothing else to do.



Everything is a...
archive.org



Return now



PLACES

NEW NAMES, OLD PLACES

St. Louis (Missouri) to Capital
of Persia / Afghanistan

Zaire (Congo) to Democratic
Republic of the Congo

Elmer (California) to Elmer
Thompson (California)

Thailand (Siam) to Siam
Gold Coast (Ghana) to Ghana

Yam (Yemen) to Yemen
Hawaii (Hawaii) to Hawaii

Dutch East India to Indonesia
Cuba (Cuba) to Cuba

Amur (Russia) to Amur
Russia (Russia) to Russia

Yam (Yemen) to Yemen
Cuba (Cuba) to Cuba

Yam (Yemen) to Yemen
Cuba (Cuba) to Cuba



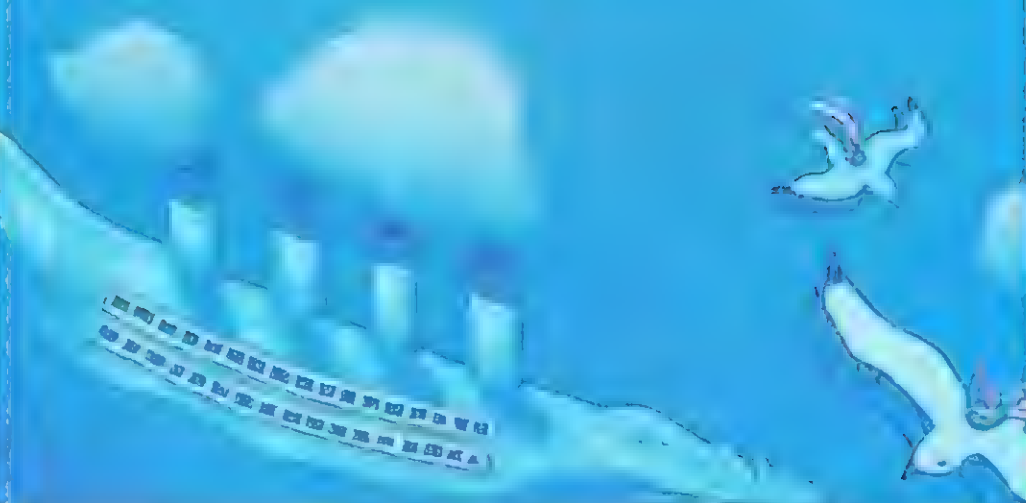


Return now



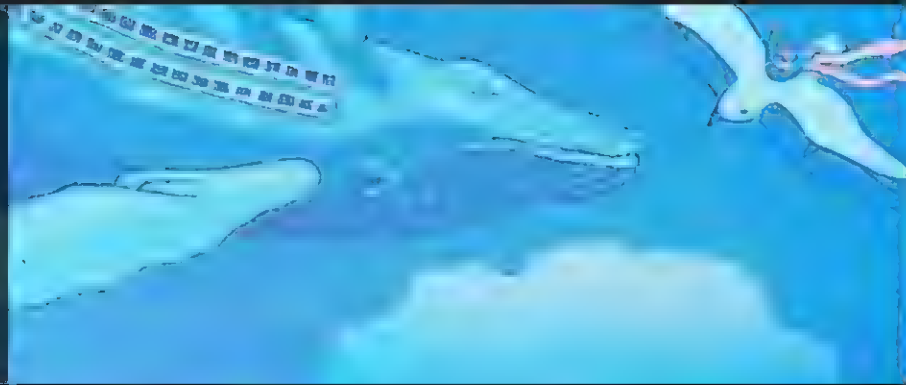
ARE BLUEBIRDS WHY HOUSES HAVE WINDOWS?

Are bluebirds why houses have windows?
Are bluebirds why houses have windows?
Are bluebirds why houses have windows?
Are bluebirds why houses have windows?
Are bluebirds why houses have windows?
Are bluebirds why houses have windows?
Are bluebirds why houses have windows?
Are bluebirds why houses have windows?





Return now



(78 of 96)





Return now



2003



My eyes are like windows
looking out on the world around me
and I am like a camera
taking pictures of the world around me

My eyes are like windows
looking out on the world around me
and I am like a camera
taking pictures of the world around me

IN THE MIDDLE OF YOUR FACE

My eyes are like windows
looking out on the world around me
and I am like a camera
taking pictures of the world around me

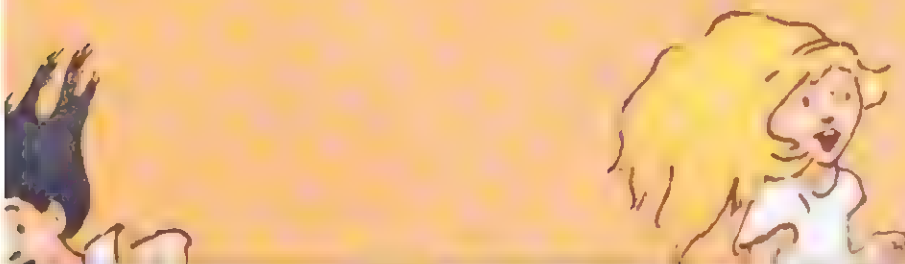
My eyes are like windows
looking out on the world around me
and I am like a camera
taking pictures of the world around me

(79 of 96)



JUMP-ROPE RHYME

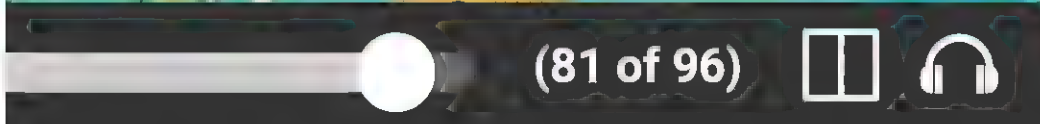
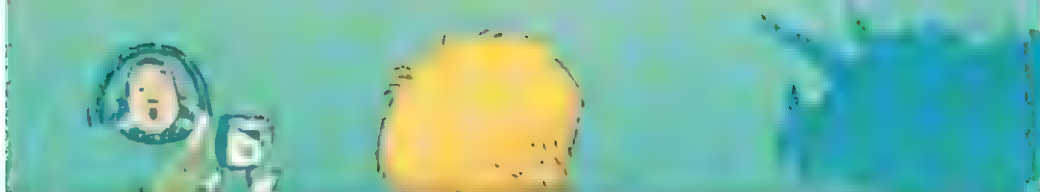
Arms that feel good swing
Lungs that feel good sing
Heels that feel good click
Legs that feel good kick
Eyes that feel good wink
Heads that feel good think
Feet that feel good fly
Off the ground. Good-bye!





POSTCARD POEM

Find yourself a quarter
Buy yourself a stamp
Tap it on your tongue
Until it's damp damp damp
Stick on a postcard
Mail it to a friend
Tell her you will be one
Till the end end end



Return now

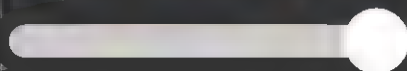


SAY, HAY, WON'T YOU BE MINE?

My love, my love, my love, my love,
And I will be your love,
My love, my love, my love, my love,
And I will be your love.

My love, my love, my love, my love,
And I will be your love,
My love, my love, my love, my love,
And I will be your love.

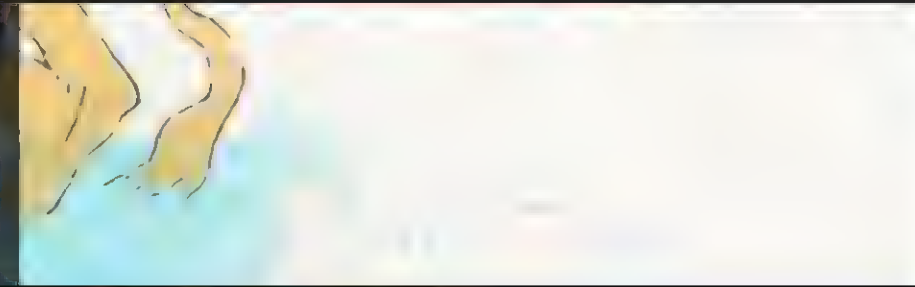
My love, my love, my love, my love,
And I will be your love,
My love, my love, my love, my love,
And I will be your love.



(82 of 96)



Return now

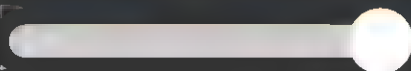


THE QUEEN TAKES DRAWING LESSONS

For Edward Lear

At a drawing school in London
The Queen of England drew
And then the Queen of France
And then the Queen of Spain
And then the Queen of Italy
And then the Queen of Prussia
And then the Queen of Russia
And then the Queen of Austria

The Queen of Sweden drew
The Queen of Denmark drew
The Queen of Norway drew
The Queen of Sweden drew
The Queen of Norway drew
The Queen of Denmark drew
The Queen of Sweden drew
The Queen of Norway drew
The Queen of Denmark drew
The Queen of Sweden drew
The Queen of Norway drew
The Queen of Denmark drew
The Queen of Sweden drew
The Queen of Norway drew
The Queen of Denmark drew



(83 of 96)

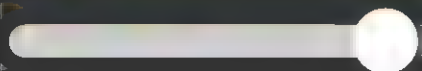


Return now

i

The first of the three main
 sections of the book is devoted to
 the study of the various forms of
 the word 'the' in the
 English language. The second
 section is devoted to the study of
 the various forms of the word 'the' in
 the English language.

The second of the three main
 sections of the book is devoted to
 the study of the various forms of
 the word 'the' in the
 English language. The third
 section is devoted to the study of
 the various forms of the word 'the' in
 the English language.



(84 of 96)



Return now

i



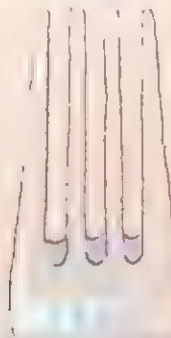
THE TABLESPOON GALLOPS AWAY

At home, the spoon
was a common sight
in the kitchen.

At home, the spoon
was a common sight
The tablespoon, however,

was a special sight
in the kitchen
A spoonful of love, it was

When the Tablespoon
galloped away
And only the Spoon



(85 of 96)



[Return now](#)

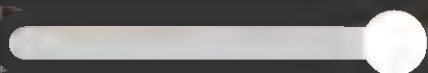
UNDER THE KISSLETOE

Amplified
Illustrations

The Kissletoe
Winter Holiday

The Kissletoe
Winter Holiday

The Kissletoe
Winter Holiday



(86 of 96)



Return now

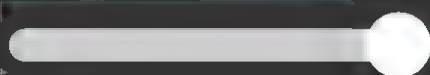


THE VERY, VERY FINICKY QUEEN OF TROUBLE

The Town of Trouble couldn't count
The troubles they had seen
Because of all the pouting
By Her Majesty, the Queen.

She pouted from the parlor,
Kitchen, garden, balconies,
At weddings and at funerals
And on anniversaries.

One evening as she pitter-
Patlered round the Royal Loft,
She cried, "The Royal Mattress
Is too hard, or else too soft!"



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Return now



"Is it too much to request —
After all I am the Queer
That I'd like a little rest
On a bed that's in between?"

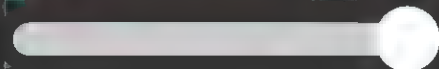
And so it was that I stepped forth
To say what I would do.
"I'm Isabella Abnormella
Pinkerton McPugh."

"Excuse me, Isabella Abnormella
Uhh, McWho?"
The King could not believe his ears
"And who, pray tell, are you?"

I'm Keeper of the Royal Cat
four Royal Highness, sir,
And I'll invent a Royal Cot
To make Her Highness purr."

I had a funny gunny sack
Sewn forty times as large
And filled with water from the river
(I put the King in charge).

And the ending to this story
As the history books have said,
Was the wonderful invention of
The Queer-sized water bed



(88 of 96)



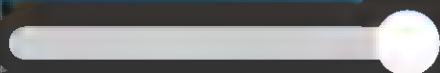
[Return now](#)

WIT SANTA SOMETIMES PREFERS THE FRONT DOOR

Illustrations by
Drew Owsen
Lyndee
Christina Jones
When you're in
a hurry
the front door
is the best

96

A WIE



(89 of 96)



Return now



EVERYTHING IS A POEM

A poem is a poem.
Lined with rows of words.
Like grace and good language.
And good poems.

A spider web is a poem.
Conspired over Nature
To design and dally and
To catch the unknown.

A mirror is a poem.
Reflecting truth and
The past, but it's not happy.
The shadow of a soul.

A fairy tale poem.
A fairy tale poem.
That's read by the children.
One autumn in 1914.

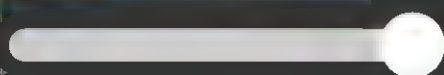
A picture is a poem.
If it's painted by a poet.
On a canvas of emotion.
From a world of beauty.

A window is a poem.
A poem about a room.
It's not that it's not there.
But it's within all the air.

A flower is a poem.
Shaped by glaucous and
The sun.
With a white face for the sun.
In a field of green and blue.

A boy's love poem.
That's read by the children.
At the end of the world.
At the end of the world.

(18/18)



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Return now



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BROOKLINE PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE FLIGHT OF ICARUS

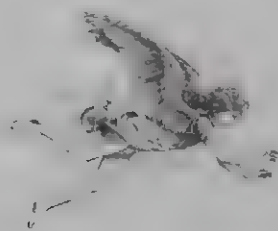
Circa 800 BC

Icaria, an island southwest of Samos, Greece

Tracing an angel's tracks,
He rose on wings of wax.
All heaven called his name
And he took reckless aim
To be the chosen one
First to kiss the Sun!

He started to perspire
In universal fire,
As if God struck a match,
So Icarus could catch
Its light and hold it long.

But he was wrong.



3 of 35





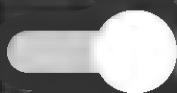
Montgolfier Brothers Air Balloon

1783, France

We stuffed the straw in the burner,
We stoked it furiously,
And ours was the first balloon to rise
Merrily aerially!

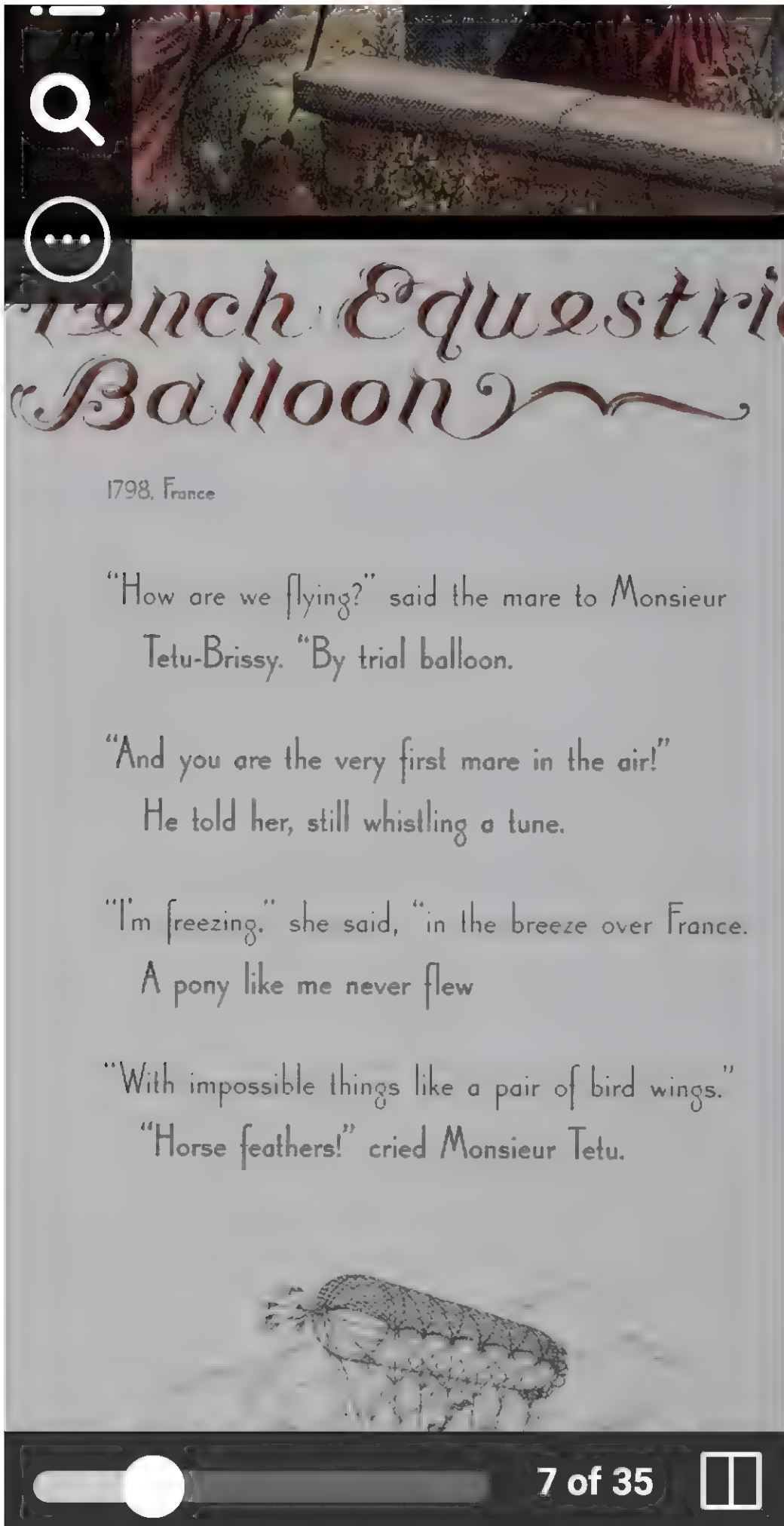
We might have gone much farther,
We flew superhumanly
Till our smart little cart started falling apart,
Sagging diagonally.

Our adventure over Paris
Was a twenty-five-minute flight.
And who was there but Benjamin Franklin,
Waving (without his kite)!



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French Equestrian Balloon

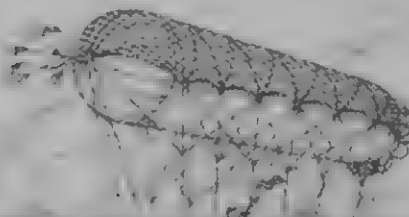
1798, France

"How are we flying?" said the mare to Monsieur Tetu-Brissy. "By trial balloon."

"And you are the very first mare in the air!"
He told her, still whistling a tune.

"I'm freezing," she said, "in the breeze over France.
A pony like me never flew

"With impossible things like a pair of bird wings."
"Horse feathers!" cried Monsieur Tetu.





MINERVA

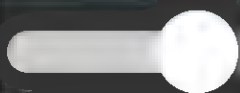
Circa 1813, France

"To fly in a simply magnificent egg
That resembles a chandelier—
It's a mickle balloon," Etienne exclaimed,
"With a keg of German beer!"

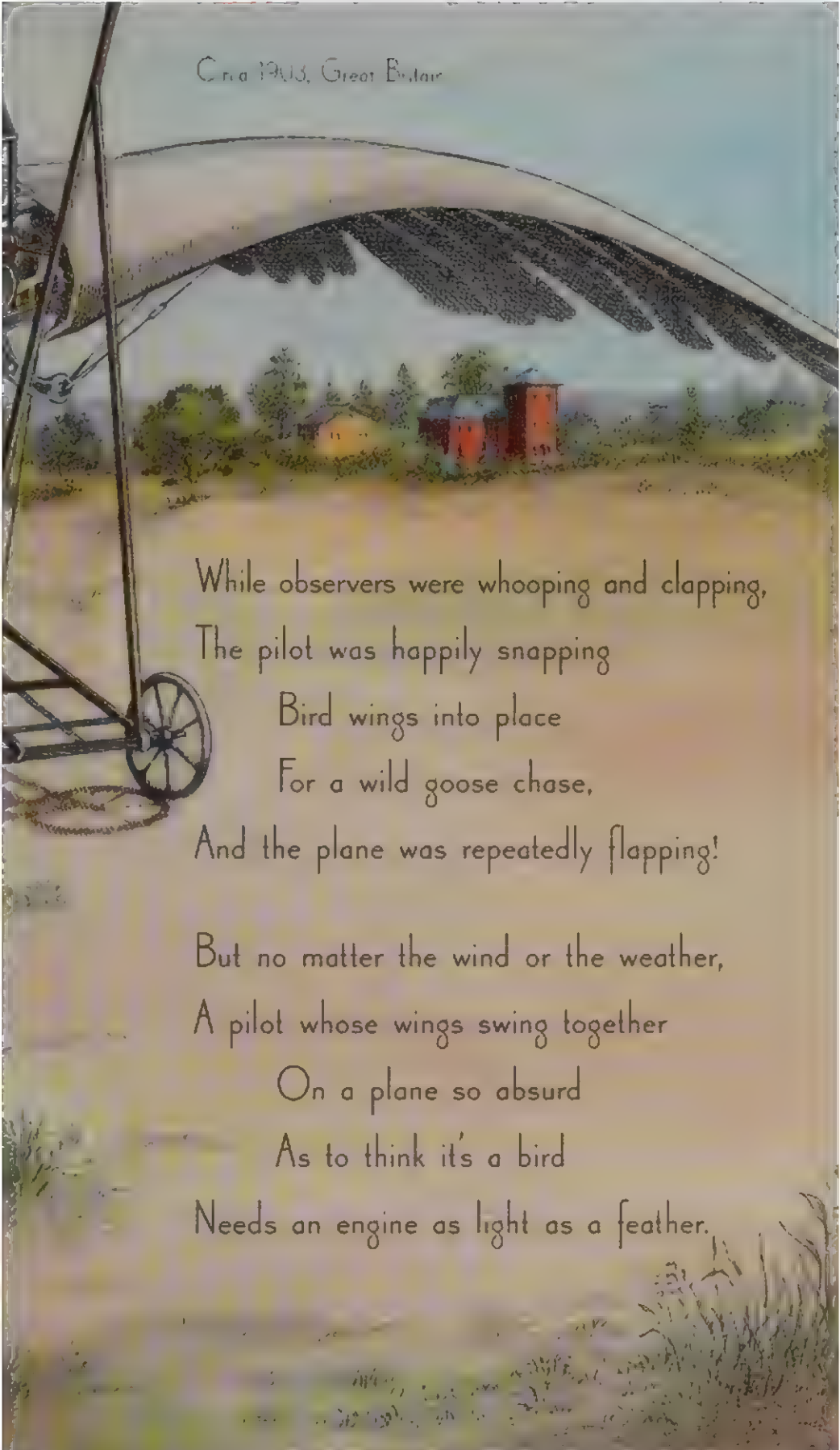
"If sixty-odd travelers sign up for the trip,
What's an excursion worth
With a smaller balloon at the edge of the ship
For a few side trips to Earth?"

"With musical rooms and ladders of silk,
On green ornamental wings,
We'll fly over mountains and deserts—oh oceans
Of geo-fantastical things.

"Now floating *Minerva* is only a dream
Staring longingly up from the page,
And I have to admit that she's slightly extreme
At this dawn of the flying age."

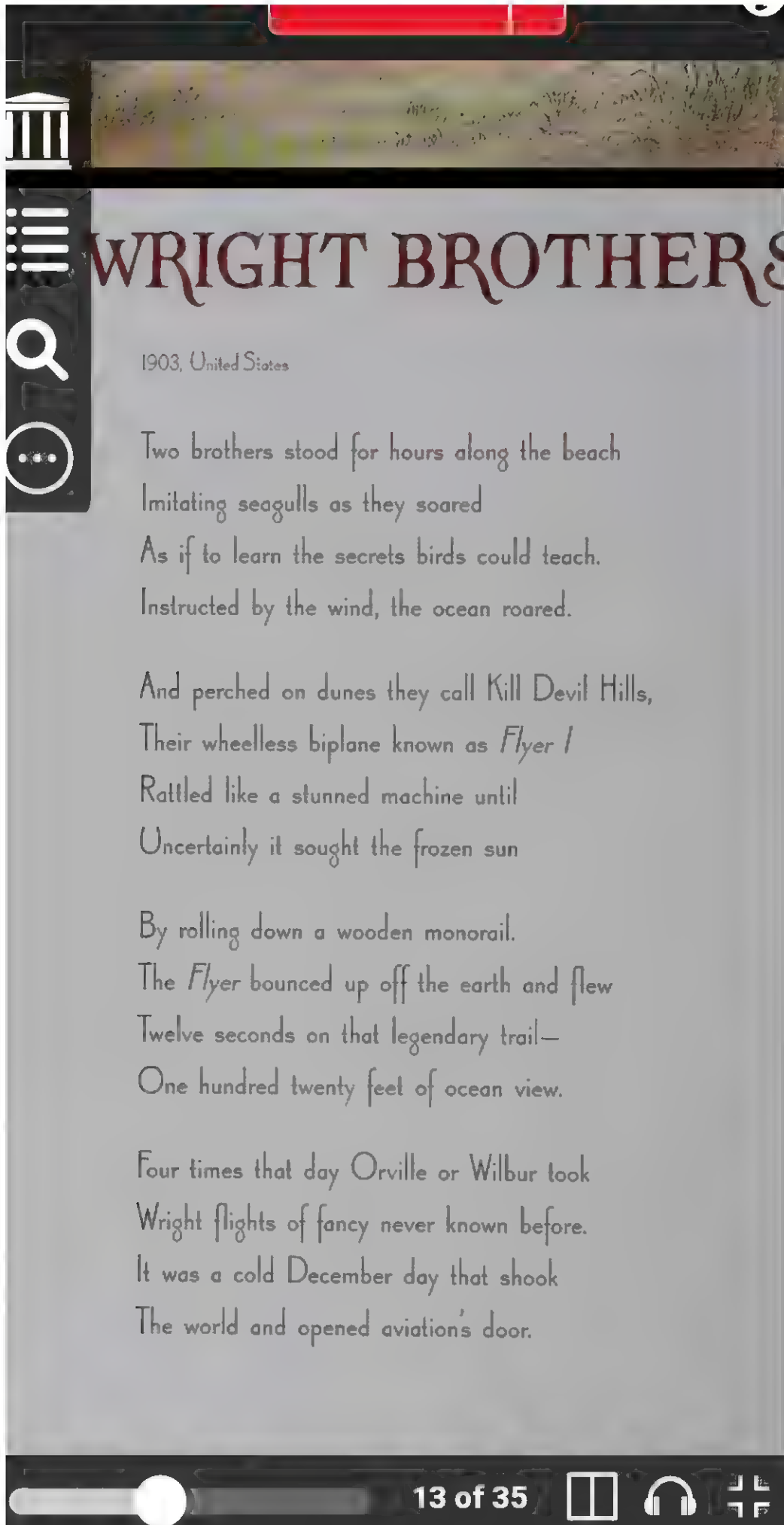


Circa 1903, Great Britain



While observers were whooping and clapping,
The pilot was happily snapping
Bird wings into place
For a wild goose chase,
And the plane was repeatedly flapping!

But no matter the wind or the weather,
A pilot whose wings swing together
On a plane so absurd
As to think it's a bird
Needs an engine as light as a feather.



WRIGHT BROTHERS

1903, United States

Two brothers stood for hours along the beach
Imitating seagulls as they soared
As if to learn the secrets birds could teach.
Instructed by the wind, the ocean roared.

And perched on dunes they call Kill Devil Hills,
Their wheelless biplane known as *Flyer I*
Rattled like a stunned machine until
Uncertainly it sought the frozen sun

By rolling down a wooden monorail.
The *Flyer* bounced up off the earth and flew
Twelve seconds on that legendary trail—
One hundred twenty feet of ocean view.

Four times that day Orville or Wilbur took
Wright flights of fancy never known before.
It was a cold December day that shook
The world and opened aviation's door.

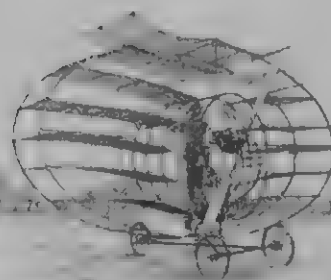


1908, France

Some planes you love
And some you don't.
Some planes you fly
And some you won't.

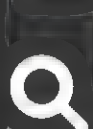
Some planes are square
And some are round,
Some supersede
The speed of sound.

This one is oval—
It was not bound
Ever to get off
The ground!





Return now

Z 127 C R A F
Z E P P E L I N

1928, Germany

A vision in the wonder-woven skies
Of Germany's imagination, this
"Dirigible balloon," as it was called,
Was "like a bullet fired from a cloud."
The length of two and a half football fields—
The largest airship up to then—it soared
Beyond the minor turbulence of dreams.
Hugo Eckener, its developer, became
Revered as the "Magellan of the Air"
For piloting such grandeur 'round the world
In record time. A New York ticker-tape
Parade saluted Zeppelin Mania.
And though this chapter in the book of flight
Would close before another decade passed,
The stewardship of sky was at the height
Of promise. Visibility was clear.



Return now

i



PIASECKI VZ-8P AIRGEEP

1958, United States

Planes go in the sky,
Cars go on the land,
A concept Mr. Piasecki
Did not understand.

If planes went on the land
And cars went in the sky,
Then maybe polliwogs could walk
And maybe pigs could fly.



18 of 35





Return now



1961, United States

BELL ROCKET

*Surprising!**I'm rising**Materializing**Right here in the middle of sky!**I throttle**The bottle**Of my rocket model—**Bazzoom! I'm a highflying guy*

21 of 35



Return now

**BELT**

Freewheeling
To ceiling—
And no sinking feeling.
A human can zoom up so fast

By rocket—
The shock at
What's in my back pocket—
A turbojet engine's a blast!



22 of 35





Return now



1969 Great Britain

T
ra
ve
li
ng
we
st,
the
Con
corde
flew
at twice

the speed
of sound.

From London to
New York, this giant
didn't fool around. Five
hours separate the two, but
she took less than four, so every
Concorde passenger had one rare
treat in store: You left London at two
o'clock, arrived New York at one—con-
gratulations! You were traveling "faster than
the
sun."

25 of 35







Return now



Space Shuttle COLUMBIA sts 109

2002, United States

I am the behemoth of adventure, I am the shuttle of Uncle Sam,
I run like thirty-nine locomotives, or twenty-three revved-up Hoover Dams.

Seventeen thousand miles per hour in just about eight seconds flat!
I burn at sixty-one hundred Fahrenheit—says so on my thermostat.

I carry people who like to walk in a wilderness outward-bound.
I am your front-row ticket to celestial theater in the round.

28 of 35





Return now



TWINS IN THE WAITING WOMB

Two Dots

(10 of 80)





Two Dots

See that dot
Upon the screen?
That's your child.

Hope she's neither
Mad nor mean,
But rather mild.

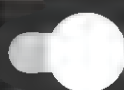
See that other
Down below?
That's the twin.





WISHING

Wishing for twins?
You'll be surprised
If they come out
As advertised!

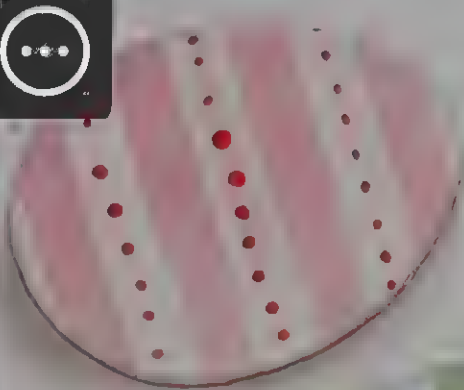




Return now



Wishing for twins?
You'll be surprised
If they come out
As advertised!



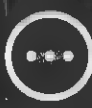
If a woman has already delivered one set of fraternal twins, the odds of her having a second set are one in twelve.



9 of 75



Return now



...has already delivered one set of fraternal twins, the odds of her having a
are one in twelve.

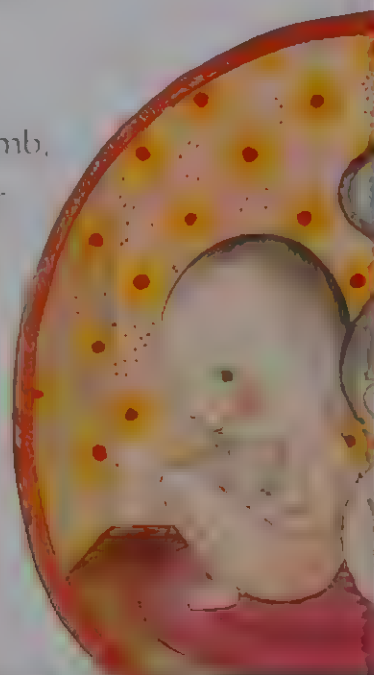
WAITING IN THE WAITING WOMB

Dining in the dining womb,
Getting so much stronger

Wishing in the living womb
You could stay much longer

Wrestling in the family womb,
You and sister finger

Crowded in the waiting womb,
Poke her with your finger



9 of 75





Return now



WOMB MATE

Brother, don't bother
I'm older I'm first
Try to go faster
Your bubble will burst

We'll wait here together
Till time to appear
Then I'll go before you.
So stay very near

You'll always be second
And slower — you'll see
Stop pushing stop showing
And just follow me



11 of 75





Return now



TWINS BEFORE BIRTH

Long after they
 burst into bloom
They share a dark,
 rich living room

Of arms and legs
 elbows and knees
The room is ninety
 eight degrees

They may hear voices
 homeward bound
Is that an ultra
 ultrasound?

But they won't know
 it's day or night
Until they see
 the light, the night



[Return now](#)

. . . AND AFTER

Four hands, four knees,
Two doctors, if you please

Four feet, four eyes,
That's a really neat surprise

Ten toes times two,
And ten fingers — double whew!

And diapers
By the dozen dozens
Can't wait to show you
To the cousins.



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Return now

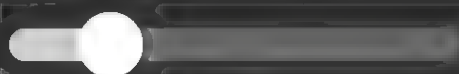
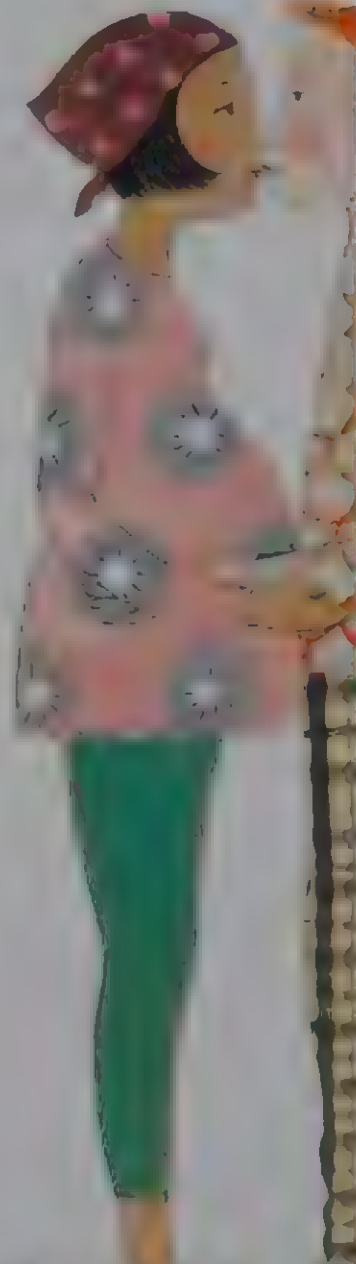
i



SING A SONG OF SONOGRAM

(A Sonnet)

The
twin
be-
gin-
ning!
Wow!
Sing
now —
non-
stop,
Mom.
Pop.
proud
crowd!



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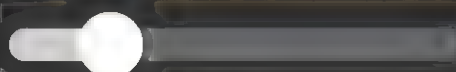
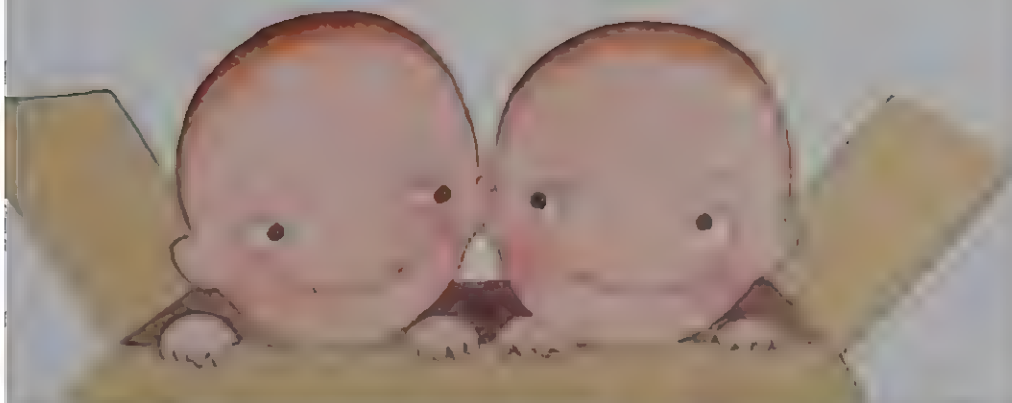


Return now

the study of twins is called *gemellology*

FROM HERE TO MATERNITY

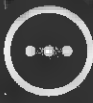
Double package deal
Ultrasound of glee
Bound to make you feel
C'est LA LA la vie'



14 of 75



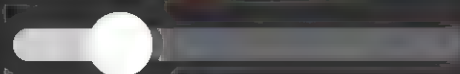
Return now



BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR!

You wished for a boy — two girls came out!
You got the benefit of the doubt

You wanted two girls but got one boy!
Return the lace for the corduroy.

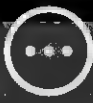


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Return now



BE EVEN MORE CAREFUL

You wished for a singleton, now you've got two
A single in pink and a single in blue

You wished for a family; that's not a crime
You wished for a family — but not at one time



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BE EVEN MORE CAREFUL

You wished for a singleton, now you've got two
A single in pink and a single in blue

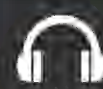
You wished for a family, that's not a crime
You wished for a family — but not at one time



Identical twins are the same sex and look exactly alike. Fraternal twins do not look alike and come in three variations: male-female (about 40 percent of all twins), two female fraternal twins (sometimes called sororal twins), and male fraternal twins.

FIRST WORDS

Look at us, twin!
Hey, we're breathing!
Couple o' weeks
And we'll be teething.
Couple o' months
And no more Huggies.
Say bye-bye
To baby buggies.
Couple o' years
And no more nursery
Happy second
Anniversary!



HOW TWINS TALK

Not with a *ga ga*,

Not with a *goo*,

But with a wave

And a wink

And an *I love you*



LULLABY TO THE TWINS

Good night,
Good night.
The single moon
Shines down.
And soon
One sleep
You'll share.
You are
Two stars:
One dark,
One fair
Two hearts,
Sweethearts,
And I am here.
Good night,
Good night.
Sleep tight,
Sleep tight.

DOOZY TWOSIES

Double the fingers,
Double the toes,
Double the diapers,
Double the nose,
Double the fannies,
Double the grins
Double the birthdays —
Hello, TWINS!



PAIRS

We are not
The only twos:
Socks come in pairs,
As well as shoes.
Eyes are double,
Hands and feet,
Legs are twosome,
Ears repeat.
All the best things
Come in two:
You with me,
And me with you.

Return now



MIRROR TWIN

I wave, you wave.
I smile, you laugh.
I wink, you blink
You leave – I'm half

scientific studies prove that identical twins have the same brain-wave patterns



Return now



HIGH HOPES

Imagine that! Your blessed event
Could grow up to be president!
Here comes the second girl — oh, wait.
She'll be secretary of state!



25 of 75



Return now



EVEN MORE HIGH HOPES

Imagine this: your firstborn son
Will steer Mars rocket number one
His twin will build the rocket ship
That takes him on that famous trip



A FACT

The record for the lightest twins at birth is 1 pound 8 ounces for Courc and Chloe, 12-ounce Smith, born in Louisiana on March 1, 2000. TE

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Return now



115 pounds 12 ounces. Hoskin, born in Arkansas on February 20, 1914.

FIRST STEPS

Hold on to the table
The back of the chair
And I'll be there
I'll be there

Hold on to the banister
Of the stair,
And I'll be there
I'll be there

Hold on to my hand
If you dare,
We'll both be there
We'll both be there



Return now



VERY FIRST WORDS

Me
You
One
Two
Mine
Twin
I win



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Return now



THE SONG OF CHARLOTTE AND CYNTHIA ROSE (TAKING A BATH)

It was Saturday night, the thermometer froze
The two of them shivered in layers of clothes
They knew it was time for their Saturday bath,
And something inside her made Cynthia laugh

"Listen," their mother said, "Cynthia Rose
And Charlotte, the bathwater's over your toes!"

Chorus

Will the water be over their ankles tonight?
Will the water be up to their knees?
Will the bubbles be up to their chins tonight
In the Charlotte-and-Cynthia Seas?

They took off their scarves, their boots, and their caps
They pulled off their red mittens, too
Unbuttoned their coats with *snappety snaps*.
Well, isn't that what you would do?

"Charlotte and Cynthia, hurry up, please
The bathwater's bound to be up to your knees!"



Return now

*Chorus*

Will the water be over their ankles tonight?
Will the water be up to their knees?
Will the bubbles be up to their chins tonight
In the Charlotte-and-Cynthia Seas?

They took off their shoes and their Valentine socks
(The ones with the hearts on the toes),
Took out their barrettes and then started to peel
Off several more layers of clothes.

Their mother yelled, "Girls, did you hear what I said?
The bathwater's bound to be up to your head!"

For the water rose over their ankles, all right,
And the water rose over their knees
The bubbles rose up to their chins ALL NIGHT
In the Charlotte-and-Cynthia Seas
One paddles, one rows with their fingers and toes
In the Charlotte-and-Cynthia Seas,
In the Charlotte-and-Cynthia Seas

IN FACT

Conjoined twins occur in 1 out of 400,000 twin births.



Return now



TWINFESTATION

Some time we twincubate in Mom,
For not quite a year,
The twindow opens up for us,
We twinstantly appear

Not yet quite twindividuals,
So twinsoinely we smile
With winning twincandescence,
They let us stay awhile

And soon from spring to twinter,
We've lived with them so long,
This small twinfestation
No longer seems so wrong

The record for the tallest twins belongs to identical twins Michael and James Lai who are both seven foot six



Return now



LEARNING TO TIE OUR SHOES

Every time I tie my shoe,
I think of me, I think of you
And how the laces, side by side,
Are so much stronger when they're tied

As one loop goes around the other,
So we twins bond — sister, brother —
Safely knotted, like a shoe,
You to me, and me to you.



[Return now](#)

EATING WITH TWINS

Eat

Eat

Veggies

Meat

Bread

Toasted

Raw

Roasted

Eggs

Ham

Spinach

Spam

Crackers

Cheese

Ice cream

Please



Return now



est tube twins. Stephen and Amanda Mays were born on June 5, 1981,

NAMES

Robin and Bobby,
Jackie and Gill,
Sammy and Danny,
Wallie and Phil,
Chris and Kris,
Frankie and Coy
Can you tell which twin's
The girl or the boy?

Mannie and Marty,
Gabby and Dan,
Jonny and Jamie,
Jackie and Fan,
Sandy and Sidney,
Leslie and Merle
Can you tell which twin's
The boy or the girl?



Return now



WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE

We're supposed to be twins.

So why are you so tall?

We're supposed to be twins.

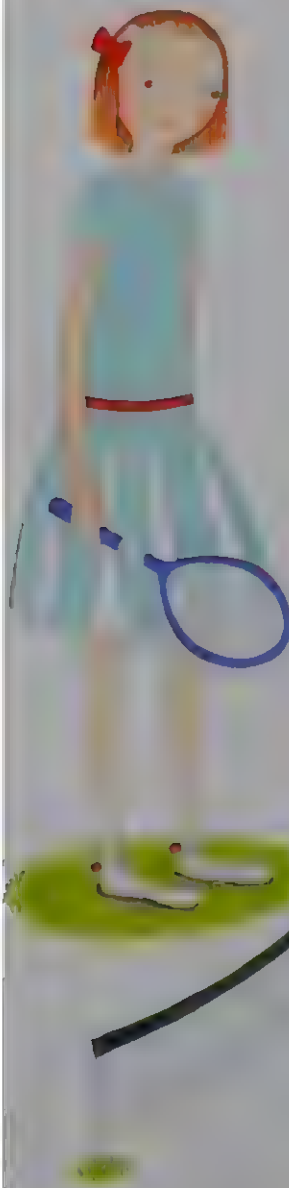
So why am I so small?

We're supposed to be the same.

But you have better hair.

We're supposed to be as one

It really isn't fair



Return now



WHAT'S IT LIKE TO BE A TWIN?"

Lots and lots of people ask me,
"What's it like to be a twin?"
I tell them that your very, very,
Very next of kin
Is a hard-to-get-to tickle
Or an afternoon to snore
Or the easy teasing of a sneeze
That's pleasing. Only more.

It's sitting down to Mom's
Famous lasagna — only twice
It's the way a tomato shivers
When he's introduced to rice
'Cause a twin's a double rainbow
Or the fork that goes with knife
He may wear around the edges,
But he's guaranteed for life

The Koehler twins were born in 1925 in Denton, Montana. The boy grew to eight feet two inches tall, one of the tallest men in the twentieth century. His twin sister was five feet



Return now



BIG FIGHT: ROUND ONE

Amelia

I have a twin.
We've had a fight
She told a fib
She made me blush
She called me names
She sounded mean
I have a twin

Caroline

A best friend, too.
What should I do?
She told a lie
She made me cry
She called me weird
I sounded scared
What should I do?

She's who I want to be
talking to



Return now



She's who I want to be
Talking to



BIG FIGHT: ROUND TWO

Caroline

This is my doll
She's got her own
She's got ice cream
I wanted some!
She took my book
How should I know?
Here, use my clip

Amelia

Why won't she share?
It's lost its hair!
Butter pecan
It's almost gone!
Where's my barrette?
My matching set!
Thank you, I will

And instantly, the house is still



Return now



FAIR IS FAIR!

What separates my twin and me,
 Born twenty minutes apart,
 Is that he's always first because
 Of his unfair head start
 He's first to hog the bathroom
 Every morning. And at dinner,
 He gets the biggest helping,
 Which is why I'm so much thinner
 I thought I won the marathon
 At last! Glory was mine!
 Until I saw my brother — *yawning*! —
 At the finish line
 But one day fate will finally turn —
 I won't be sad, bereft —
 He'll bite the dust, which means I must
 Have twenty minutes left

The record for the longest time between a pair of twins being born is ninety
 minutes. Key: — = same as O, I, for the 1997 and for Twin Celeste and her



Return now



DOUBLE TROUBLE

We both talk with our mouths full,
An ucky way to speak
We both forget our lunches
At least two times a week
We both are slow to get up,
We're late to go to bed;
We always find a reason
To stay awake instead
There isn't any argument
That both have never tried.
But we protect each other
From anyone outside.



Return now



TWINDEPENDENT

I am I,
I am not you
I live apart
Do you live, too,
With dreams and hopes
That are your own?
Will we be two
When fully grown?

I want to be
an astronaut
You want to live
Where it is hot
I long for silence.
You for noise
You play with dolls.
Planes are my toys



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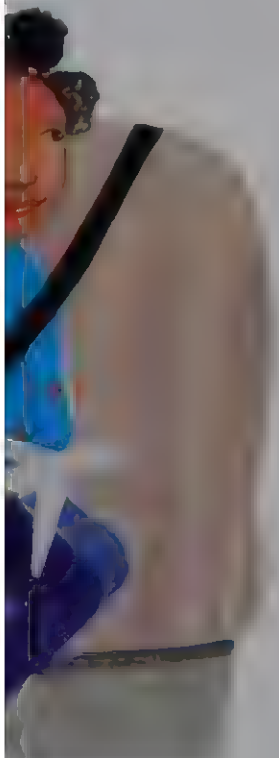


Return now



I am I,
A thing apart,
Although we share
Our mother's heart,
Our father's, too,
And in our way
Our genes and all
Our DNA

But in each
Personality
We are as one
As we can be



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Return now



TREE-HOUSE TREAT

Up in our tree house,
Spring's on parade
We've got two cool leafy
Seats in the shade

If you eat an apple,
I'll eat one, too —
We'll sit in the tree house
Admiring the view

Now you go down first
If Dad calls my name,
We'll trick him again —
Twin Switcheroo game

Then we'll count how long
It takes him to see
That I am not you
And you are not me

ACT Approximately 25 percent of identical twins are mirror-image twins. Their
tall on opposite sides and their fingerprints are mirror images. One of them
right-handed, the other left-handed.



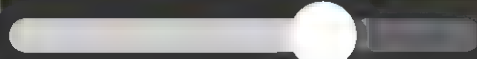
Return now



MORE THAN ONE

Most times two is more than one
More giggles, laughs,
and MUCH more fun
But mathematics
Can prove wrong,
And two can make a day seem long
With turns to take and compromises
And never any real surprises

Sometimes - sometimes - I think I'd like
My twin to take a long, long hike
Or ride away upon her bike
And leave me by myself a day,
Until that feeling goes away.



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Return now

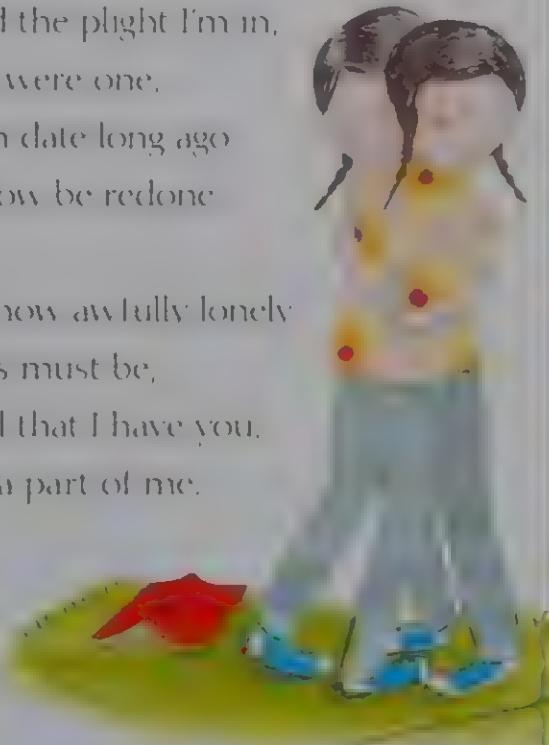


TWO'S A CROWD

If you never have a single moment
You can call your own,
Always being dubbed "the twin"
And never left alone.

You'll understand the plight I'm in,
Wishing I were one,
As if that birth date long ago
Could somehow be redone.

But when I think how awfully lonely
Singletons must be,
It's then I'm glad that I have you,
Who's such a part of me.



The record for the longest living twins is held by Eugenia (Smith) Collins and Alice (Smith) Lindsay, born in Australia on March 5, 1895. Eugenia died on October 7, 1993, at age 98, and Alice died on July 3, 2004, at 111 years old. Their combined age was 209 years and 9 months!



Return now

i



PAT AND MIKE

Now Pat and Mike
are just alike,
except that Pat
is **PASTA-FAT**,
and Mike, his twin,

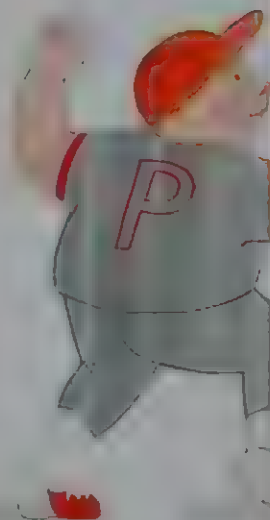
is **NOODLE-THIN**,

and as for hair,
poor Pat is bare,
but Mike combs his
into a frizz.

They play hardball —

Mike is the tall
first baseman, see?

And Pat's the pee-
wee pitcher. He
throws easy strikes
to Mike, who likes
to knock the ball
over the wall.



Return now



which makes Pat grin
because his twin
pays him a dime
time after time
he serves up one
more Mike home run.

Yes Pat is nice
but Mike is twice
as nice as Pat

is **PASTA-FATE.**

But Pat would love
(It's unheard of)
to be the thin

tall **NOODLE-TWIN.**



fraternal twins run only through the mother's side of the family. Identical twins happen



Return now



WE LEARNED TO SING

We learned the alphabet, we learned to sing
Because my twin had called it "double play"
We taught each other almost everything

I showed her how to push me in the swing
She's smart. She learned it quickly, the same way
We learned the alphabet and learned to sing

And entertain with puppets on a string
Our mom and dad came for the matinee!
We taught each other almost everything

Remember how it stung — that first bee sting?
But there she was, and it was like the day
We learned the alphabet and learned to sing

If she was some bright bird, I was the wing
If I was like a model, she was clay
We taught each other almost everything.

FACT

On average, identical twins live longer than fraternal twins, possibly due to closeness.



[Return now](#)

We taught each other almost everything.

On average, identical twins live longer than fraternal twins, possibly due to closeness

From summer, autumn, winter into spring.
And after kindergarten we would say
The alphabet together and we'd sing.

This poem has its own familiar ring –
Two twins who stick together come what may
We learned the alphabet and learned to sing.
We taught each other almost everything.



Return now



HARRY AND HUBBELL

Fraternal twins,
 Harry and Hubbell,
Loved to eat
 But hated to nibble,
Hated to talk
 But loved to babble,
Hated to write
 But loved to scribble,
Loved to fight
 But hated to quibble,
And that's the reason
 Why Harry and Hubbell
Were two times fun —
 And four times trouble!

Fraternal twins are the result of two eggs fertilized at the same time. Fraternal twins share 50 percent of their DNA. They can look alike or very different. They can be a boy-girl pair.



Return now



AT THE OLD BALL GAME

I'm your hotdog,
You're my sub,
I'm your baseball ticket stub

You're my French fries
I'm your shake
You're the fun in funnel cake.

I'm your popcorn,
You're my peanuts —
Home plate ump is driving me nuts

You're my Pepsi,
I'm your Coke
I think we're already broke

I'm your fastball.
You're my spitter
Who's the designated hitter?

Identical twins occur when a single egg splits. Identical twins share 100 percent of their DNA. They are always the same gender, and they look alike.



Return now



I'm your bleachers
What the heck?
You're my right-field upper deck

You're my super-
Duper dome!
I'm your subway — let's go home.



Return now



SIXTEEN SETS OF TWINS

You know the old woman
Who lived in a shoe?
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do

How could the woman
Who resided in Shuva,
Have so many children?
You don't know, do ya?



Return now



CONJOINED

Chang and Eng
twins,
a miracle
a curse
joined at the chest
Yet the rest
is history:
mystery:
and a bit of love
They worked in a circus,
left to farm,
married sisters,
came to no harm,
fathered
twenty-one children,
singletons all
When one slipped,
the other had to fall

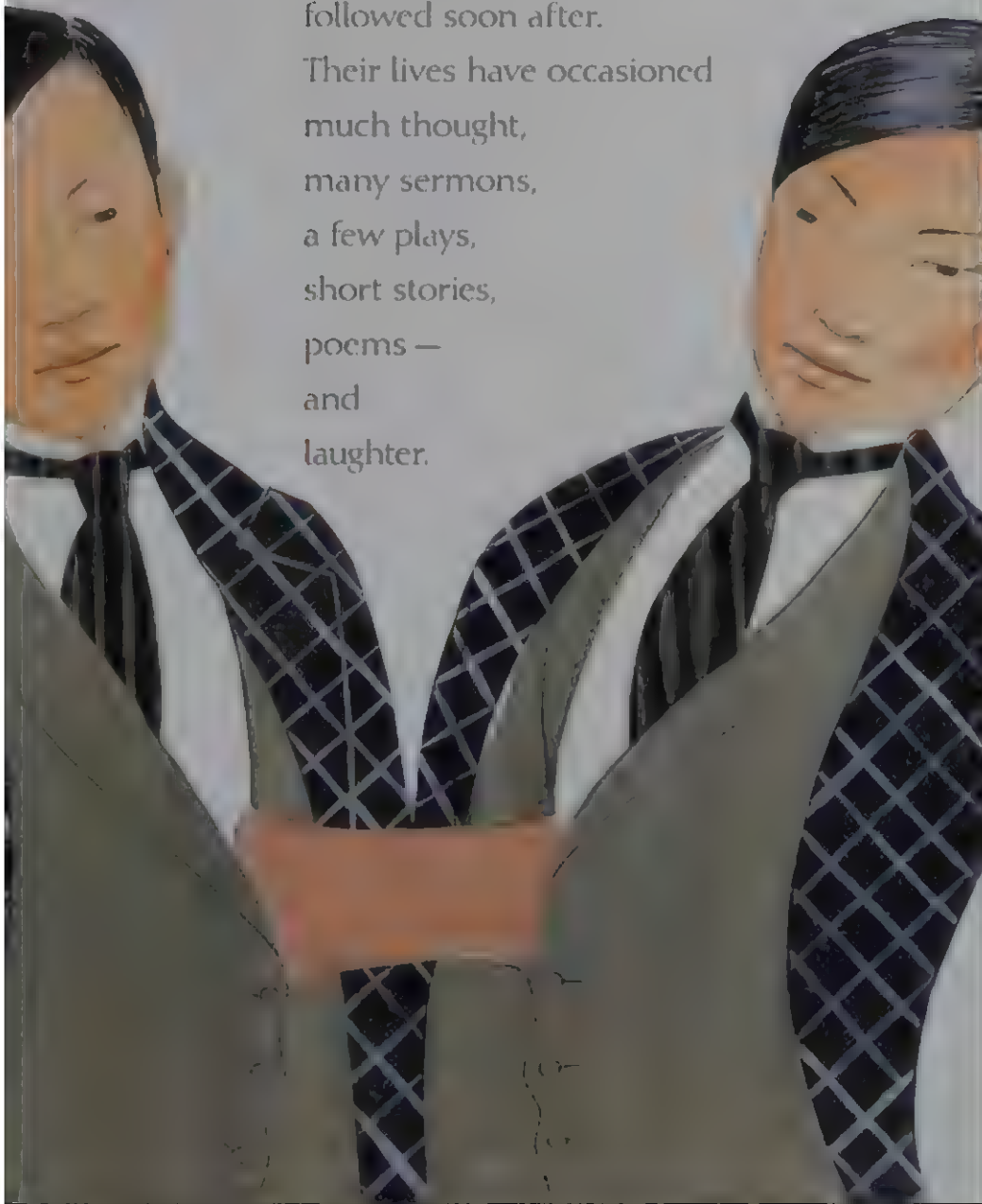
Chang and Eng Barker were born in Thailand on May 11, 1811. At age seven, the boys were discovered while swimming and brought to America. They toured P. T. Barnum's circus until their retirement in 1859. On January 7, 1874, Chang, who came down with pneumonia, passed away. His twin brother, Eng, died three



Return now



A cold winter night,
Chang died.
In a fright his brother
followed soon after.
Their lives have occasioned
much thought,
many sermons,
a few plays,
short stories,
poems —
and
laughter.



Return now



THE TWEEDLE TWINS

Tweddledum and Tweedledee
Decided they would dance,
Especially since they wore to tea
Those white tight-fitting pants

No sooner had they started in,
As Alice spun them round,
Than T Dum bumped into his twin –
And both fell to the ground

They laughed till they were overcome,
But Alice wept a tear.
Said Tweedledee and Tweedledum,
"A snuffle? Oh, poor dear"

And so they got back up, you see,
And took her by the hand
All three danced to a melody
Played by a Rubber Band

Tweddledum and Tweedledee are nursery rhyme characters who make their most famous appearance in *Through the Looking Glass and What Alice Found There* by Lewis Carroll, illustrated by John Tenniel, published in 1871.

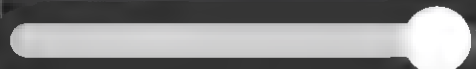


Return now



PLAYING THE GAME

Baseball is a game of numbers
Nine men to start,
the very heart
of the team
Four balls, four bases
round which
a runner races
Three strikes, three outs,
and many hundreds
of encouraging shouts,
like "Kill the umpire,"
'Ump is blind"
(Well, not all of them
are all that kind)
But twos? Let's see
A double can
mean victory
Then Twins — the Minnesota sort —
and several players,
tall and short
are twins



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Return now



Cansecos, Minors,
to name two,
O'Briens, Cloburns, Hunters —
that's a few.
Jonhards, Shannons,
and the Brothers Grimes,
who homered
quite a number of times
Count 'em up
or count 'em out
twins are in baseball —
without a doubt.



All true

68 of 75



Return now



TWINSBURG, OHIO

Drop everything right where you are!
Get in the truck, the van, the car —
Here's where the double fun begins.
At Twinsburg's festival of twins

Some twins are thick and some are thin
(Think cello next to violin)
Some are little, some are big
(Think Yorkshire next to guinea pig)

Some are white with farmers' tans,
Some are black and holding hands,
And some twins you can't tell apart
Unless you read the doctor's chart

Some come in cummerbunds and suits,
Or Harley hogs and cowboy boots,
To sing duets and karaoke —
No one seems to care how hokey

In 1976 the first Twins Days Festival in Twinsburg, Ohio, attracted thirty-seven twins. At the 2009 festival, 2,058 sets of twins participated.



[Return now](#)

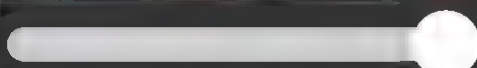
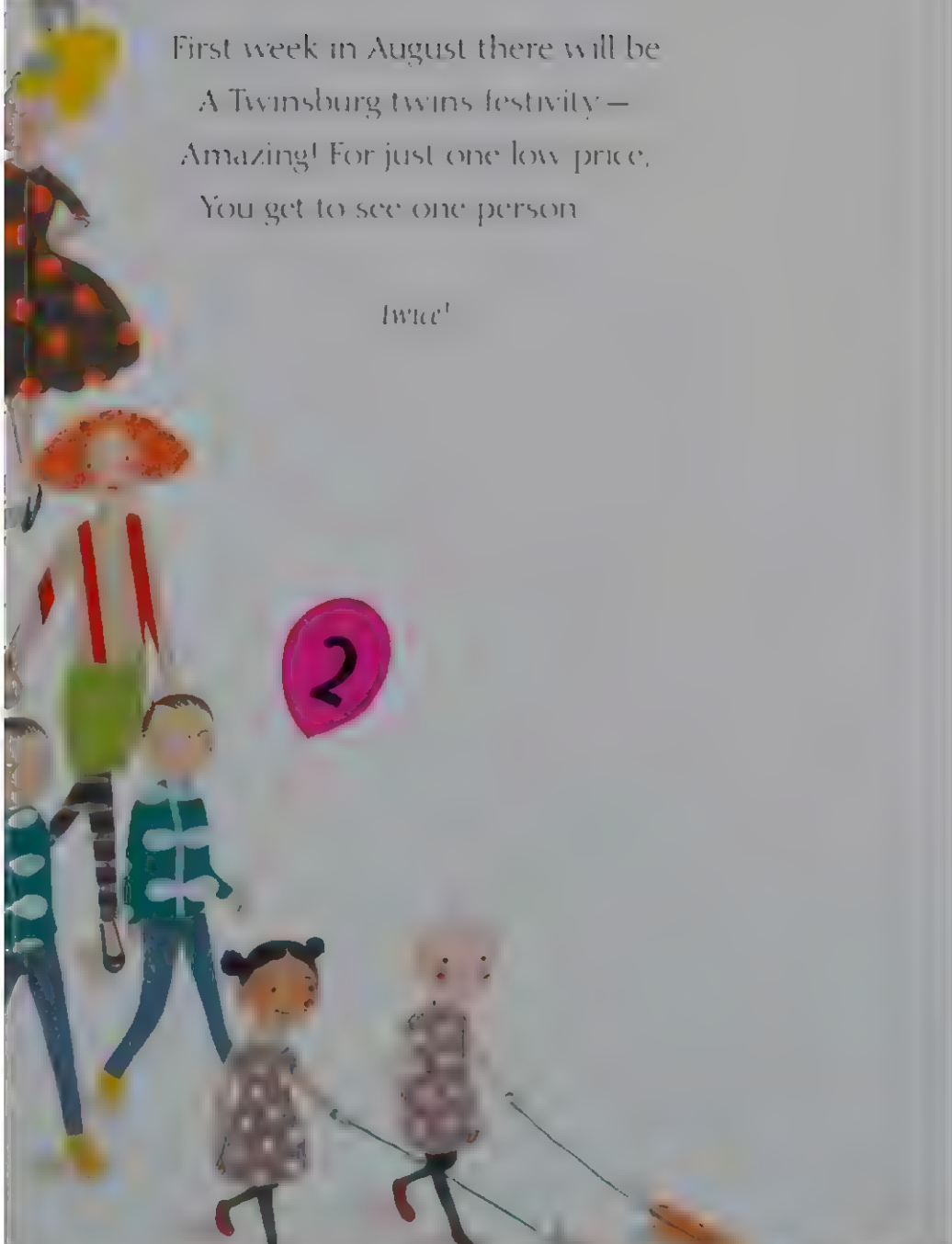
At the 2009 festival 2,058 sets of twins participated



First week in August there will be
A Twinsburg twins festivity—
Amazing! For just one low price,
You get to see one person

twice!

2



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The Biggest Bubble-Gum Bubble Ever Blown

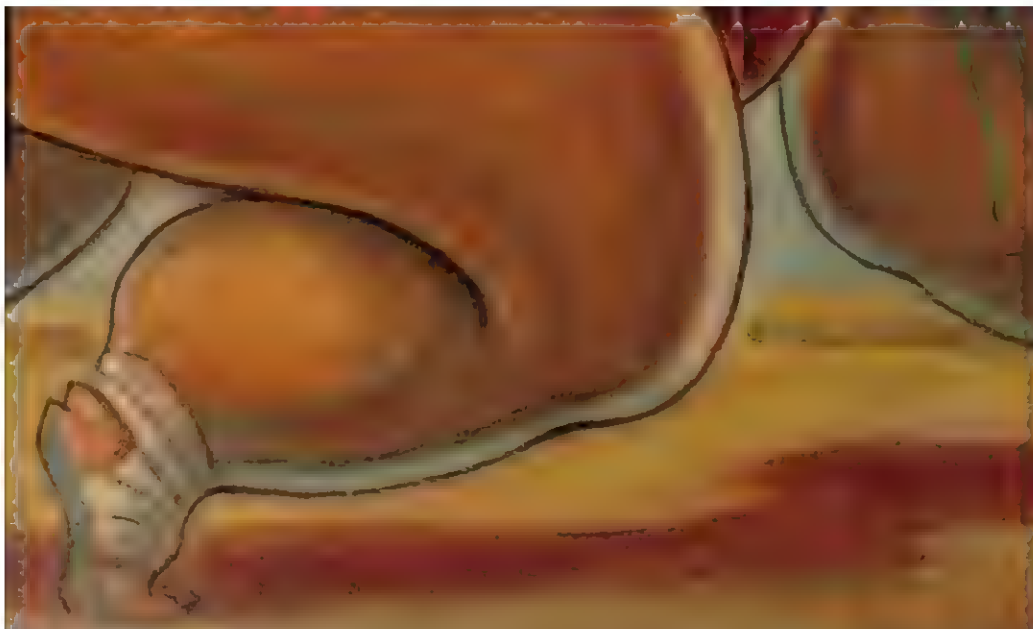
23 inches wide • Fresno, California • July 19, 1994

Susan Montgomery Williams one day
Had nothing to do when she went out to play,
So she took out some gum
And she started to chew
And to chew and to chew.
(Like a panda bear munching
A stalk of bamboo.)

And Susan Montgomery
Williams just knew
If she blew and she blew
And she blew and she blew,
She'd pop the world gum-blowing
Record in two!

And the bubble? It grew
And it grew and it grew
Until it had grown a foot wide,
And then ... two!
If bubble gum blowers
Belonged in *Who's Who*,
They'd add Ms. Montgomery Williams—
That's Sue!





First Non-Japanese Sumo Wrestler

Akebono (Chadwick Haheo Rowan)
Promoted to the top rank of
Yokozuna (sumo wrestler) in 1993

What's even more surprising than
The belly of a sumo
Wrestler is his very, very
Miniature costume! Oh,
You must assume a sumo wears
A regular bikini,
But everything about him screams
The *opposite* of teeny!





First Parachute Wedding

Ann Hayward and Arno Rudolphi
World's Fair, New York City • August 25, 1940

Suspended there
Above the Fair,
A bride and groom
And love... in bloom.

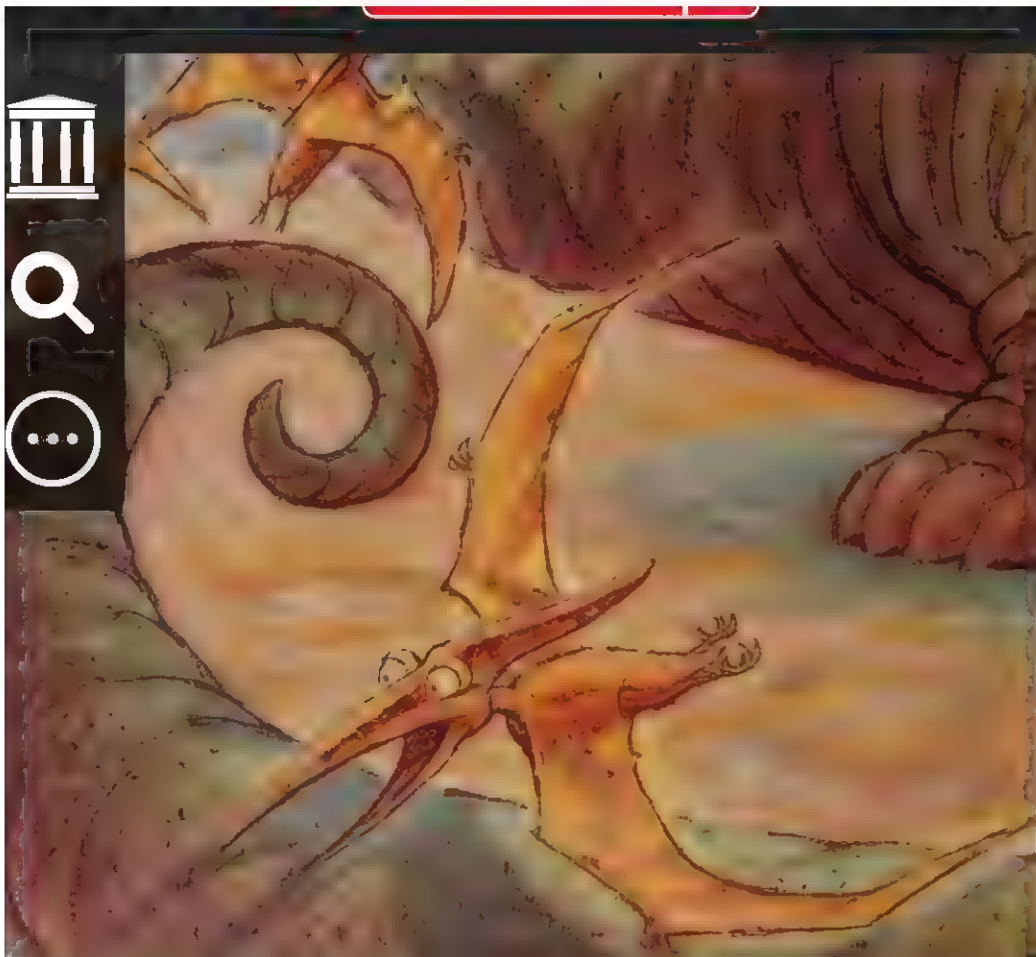
The best man swayed
Beside the maid
Of honor who
Admired the view.

Humanity
Looked up to see
The strings of four
Musicians soar.

The preacher said,
"I do thee wed."
These high-flown words
Alarmed the birds.

The couple kissed
(But mostly missed)
Until they floun-
dered to the ground.

From skies above
They fell... in love.
Her wedding vow?
A simple "Wow!"



First Time the Sound Barrier Was Broken

By a Brontosaurus • About 100 million years ago

A Brontosaurus tail
Could cause a frightful gale.

THE SNEEZE! The sudden lash,
The wind—and then the **CRASH!**

What first broke the sound barrier?
A Brontosaurus derriere.



Return now



First Man on the Moon

"The Eagle has landed!" —Apollo 11 Commander Neil A. Armstrong
 "A magnificent desolation!" —Air Force Colonel Edwin E. "Buzz" Aldrin, Jr.
 July 20, 1969

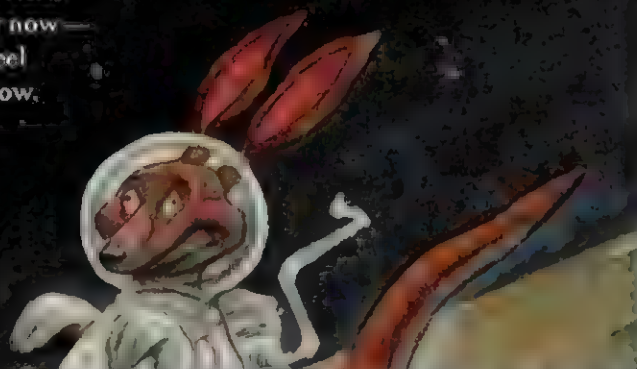
That afternoon in mid-July,
 Two pilgrims watched from distant space
 The moon ballooning in the sky.
 They rose to meet it face to face.

Their spidery spaceship, *Eagle*, dropped
 Down gently on the lunar sand.
 And when the module's engines stopped,
 Rapt silence fell across the land.

The first man down the ladder, Neil,
 Spoke words that we remember now —
 "One small step..." It made us feel
 As if we were there too, somehow.

When Neil planted the flag and Buzz
 Collected lunar rocks and dust,
 They hopped like kangaroos because
 Of gravity. Or wanderlust?

A quarter million miles away,
 One small blue planet watched in awe,
 And no one who was there that day
 Will soon forget the sight they saw.



(15 of 42)





Return now



#1 Lunch Choice of School Kids

ISN'T macaroni
ISN'T French fries
ISN'T plain bologna
ISN'T Moon Pies
ISN'T peanut butter
ISN'T Cap'n Crunch
ISN'T what your mother went
And packed inside your lunch!

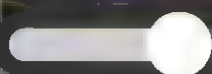
IS a wheel of pastry
Cut up into wedges,
Steaming hot tomato paste
Spread up to the edges,
Sausage, pepperoni, ham,
Mozzarella cheese,
IS a present for your mouth!
Pass the *PIZZA*, please!



First King of Rock 'n' Roll

Elvis Presley • 1935–1977

Elvis Presley, swinging star,



(17 of 42)



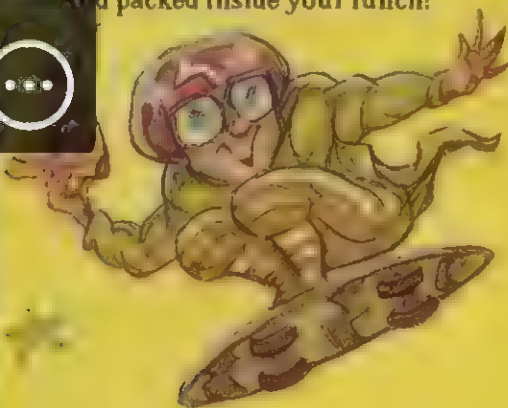


Return now



ISN'T macaroni
ISN'T French fries
ISN'T plain bologna
ISN'T Moon Pies
ISN'T peanut butter
ISN'T Cap'n Crunch
ISN'T what your mother went
And packed inside your lunch!

IS a wheel of pastry
Cut up into wedges,
Steaming hot tomato paste
Spread up to the edges,
Sausage, pepperoni, ham,
Mozzarella cheese,
IS a present for your mouth!
Pass the *PIZZA*, please!★



First King of Rock 'n' Roll

Elvis Presley • 1935–1977

★ Elvis Presley, swinging star,
Shook his hips when he played guitar.
Somebody said they saw his car
Parked outside The Go-Go.

Elvis, Elvis, I heard tell
Booked the whole Heartbreak Hotel,
Greased his hair with Elvis gel,
Just to play The Go-Go.

★ Elvis, Elvis, dressed in black★
Went to heaven, but he just came back!
Gave me a ride in his pink Cadillac,
Cruisin' past The Go-Go.



(18 of 42)





Return now



First Lady of Twentieth-Century Sports

Mildred "Babe" Didrikson Zaharias • 1914–1956

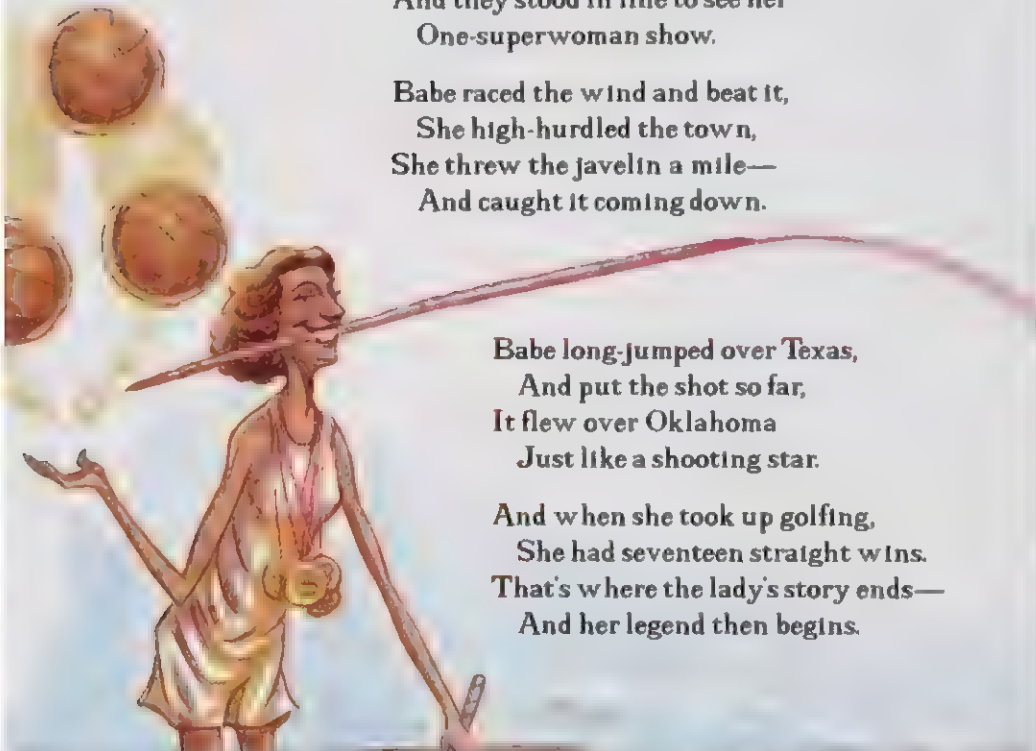
Let me tell you a little story
About Babe Zaharias.
She walked like you and she talked like me,
But she wasn't like any of us.

She was born in outback Texas,
Where the tallest tall tales grow,
And they stood in line to see her
One-superwoman show.

Babe raced the wind and beat it,
She high-hurdled the town,
She threw the javelin a mile—
And caught it coming down.

Babe long-jumped over Texas,
And put the shot so far,
It flew over Oklahoma
Just like a shooting star.

And when she took up golfing,
She had seventeen straight wins.
That's where the lady's story ends—
And her legend then begins.



(19 of 42)





Return now



First Man to Win the Heavyweight Boxing Title Three Times

Muhammad Ali • b. 1942

How sweet
The buzz
Inside the ring
Until
Ali,
The Bee, would sting.

The dancing
Butterfly
Burned bright
At the cham-
Pionship
Title fight.

Across
The world
They shout his name
Because
He made
The world his game.



(20 of 42)





Return now



First Recorded 6,000- Year-Old Tree in America

*The "Eon Tree" • A coast redwood
Humboldt County, California
250 feet tall • about 6,200 years old*

When Mother Nature held her ground,
When almost no one was around,
A redwood bud began to grow
And watch the seasons come and go.

For sixty centuries or more,
It stood upon the forest floor
And waved its arms about the sky
And sang a woodland lullaby.

December, 1977:
The Eon Tree, so tall to heaven,
Bowed gracefully and bid farewell
To all its fellow-trees,

and fell.

(22 of 42)



Return now

i



First Child to Integrate an All-White School

Ruby Bridges
William Frantz Elementary School
New Orleans, Louisiana • 1960

They called me names.
The words got worse,
words that slice the bone
like Mama's peeling knife.
Git on, nappy, they'd curse,
you don't belong,
go with your kind.

But I left hate behind,
and walked with the marshals
into a big white room
empty
roaring
silent
as a tomb.

Weeks went by.
White kids looking in
Would shy away from me like
sin.

Mrs. Henry
taught me wonder,
taught me right,
taught me nothing
is ever
simply
BLACK and WHITE.



First Girls in Little League

December 26, 1974

Title IX of the 1972 Education Act is signed
equal opportunity in athletics for girls as we

(23 of 42)





Return now



First Girls in Little League Baseball

December 26, 1974

Title IX of the 1972 Education Act is signed, providing for equal opportunity in athletics for girls as well as boys.

The year was 1974

When Little Leaguers learned the score.
President Ford took out his pen,
And signed a law that said from then
On women too would have the chance
To wear the stripes and wear the pants.
Now what you hear, as flags unfurl,
Is "Atta boy!" and "Atta girl!"

African American Female to Win the
Prize for Literature

(24 of 42)





Return now



The year was 1974
 When Little Leaguers learned the score
 President Ford took out his pen,
 And signed a law that said from then
 On women too would have the chance
 To wear the stripes and wear the pan
 Now what you hear, as flags unfurl,
 Is "Atta boy!" and "Atta girl!"

First African American Female to Win the Nobel Prize for Literature

Toni Morrison

b. Chloe Anthony Wofford, in 1931

The Bluest Eye

Will let you see.
 Books get you by,
 They set you free.

The stories gleam.
 The heat, the sweat
 Undaze a dream
 You can't forget.

Sula, Beloved,
Solomon, Jazz,
 And *Paradise* proved
 What gifts she has.



(24 of 42)





Return now

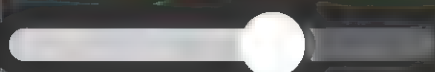


First Person to Create Blue Jeans

Levi Strauss • San Francisco • 1873

First, coal miners wore the pants.
(Denim came from southern France.)
Cow boys followed, then came teens—
Half the world is wearing jeans.

You decide which pair you want—
Zipper-fly or button-front,
Loose-fit, wide-leg, classic kind ...
Half the world's been redesigned,
Sew it *seams*, on its behind.



(26 of 42)





Return now



First Person to Break the Color Barrier in Baseball

Jackie Robinson • 1919–1972

Joined the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1947

Inching along the third-base line,
the Prince of Easy Afternoons
would suddenly explode for home
in the astonished air.
His was an American joy.
When you saw him for the first time,
you waited waited waited
under a crackerjack sky
for the dashing black player



(27 of 42)







Return now



First Person to Go Over Niagara Falls in a Barrel—and Survive

Anna Edson Taylor • Horseshoe Falls • October 24, 1901

How many dare-
devils had tried
Niagara Falls?
How many died

Before a woman,
Forty-three,
Set out to test
The powers that be?

Her wooden barrel,
Set adrift
Above the Falls,
Soon met the swift

White-crested waves
Where others, brief-
ly pitched and tossed,
Had come to grief.

And like a bobber
Far from shore,
Her barrel plunged
Across the roar

Of history.
In mist and steam,
Her little house
Was swept downstream.

The rescue party
Was amazed
To find the daring
Woman dazed

But still alive!
What did she say?
"How blessed I am
To see this day."



(30 of 42)





Return now



First House of Cards With More Than 500 Decks

*Built by Bryan Berg • More than 27,000 cards
Spirit Lake, Iowa • February 24–March 3, 1995*

There was a young man who built him a house,
And this was the house that jacks built.

It had 83 stories
With 83 doors
And 83 ceilings,
So how many floors
Of twos-by-twos
And threes-by-fours?

No glues, no screws, no special effects
Used by conventional architects,
Just playing cards—*more than 500 decks!*
And this was the house that jacks built.

About 6,000 cards
Had pictures of faces.
There were 2,000 deuces,
So how many aces
Were ceilings and floors
In various places?

There was a young man who built him a house,
And this was the house that jacks built,
That kings and queens and sevens and fours
And nines and eights and jacks built.

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Return now



ny aces
gs and floors
places?

a young man who built him a house,
as the house that jacks built,
and queens and sevens and fours
and eights and jacks built.



First Man to Run a Four-Minute Mile

Roger Bannister • Oxford, England • May 6, 1954 • 3:59.4 minutes

Though Oxford clouds undid the day—
A chill kept many fans away—
The “dream mile” was a splendid race!
Young Brasher set the early pace
By going out extremely fast.
His teammates knew he wouldn’t last,
And Chataway took the lead, as planned,
Just as they passed the viewing stand.
The half? 1:58.2!
At every curve the promise grew
That this day might be destiny.

And Roger Bannister knew that he
Could leap into the future, so
With some three hundred yards to go,
Began his kick, his head rolled back,
Pounding to glory down the track.
His body honed to perfect shape,
He won, collapsing at the tape!
And gave the credit to a team
That chased a boy who chased a dream.
He said, as history would tell,
“I did one thing supremely well.”



(33 of 42)



Return now



First Person Who Jumped Rope More Than 14,000 Times in One Hour

*Park Bong Tae • Pusan, South Korea
14,628 jumps in one hour • July 2, 1989*

Woodpecker, woodpecker, yep, that's me!
Okay, you be the chickadee-dee!
Jump in, jaybird, hop along, wren,
Twirl in, hummingbird, 'round again.
Fly away, hummingbird, jaybird, wren,
Woodpecker, chickadee—out again!

The rope turners twirl the rope at medium speed, hitting the ground on the four bold letters in each line

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Feet that feel good fly
Toes that feel good tap
Hands that feel good clap
Fingers that feel good snap
Arms that feel good swing
Lungs that feel good sing
Heels that feel good click
Legs that feel good kick
Eyes that feel good wink
Heads that feel good think
Feet that feel good fly
Off the ground.
Good-bye!

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[Return now](#)

First American Woman in Space

Sally K. Ride • Astronaut • b. 1951

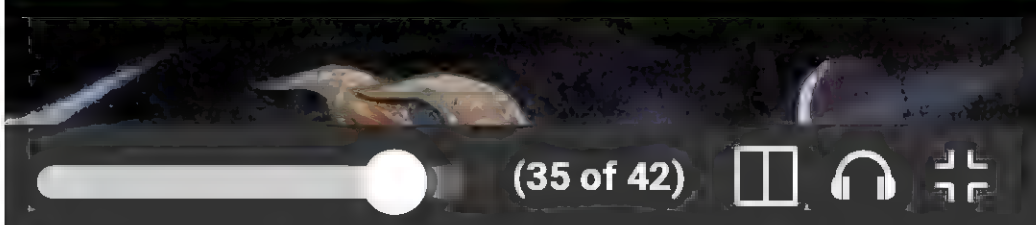
First space flight on June 18, 1983

Sally Ride rode
An alley-wide road
Into the sky.

Sally Ride rode
To an area code
A million miles high.

Sally Ride rode
With a precious payload
Out of Earthsight.

Sally Ride rode
Sally Ride Road
Into the night.



(35 of 42)

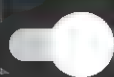
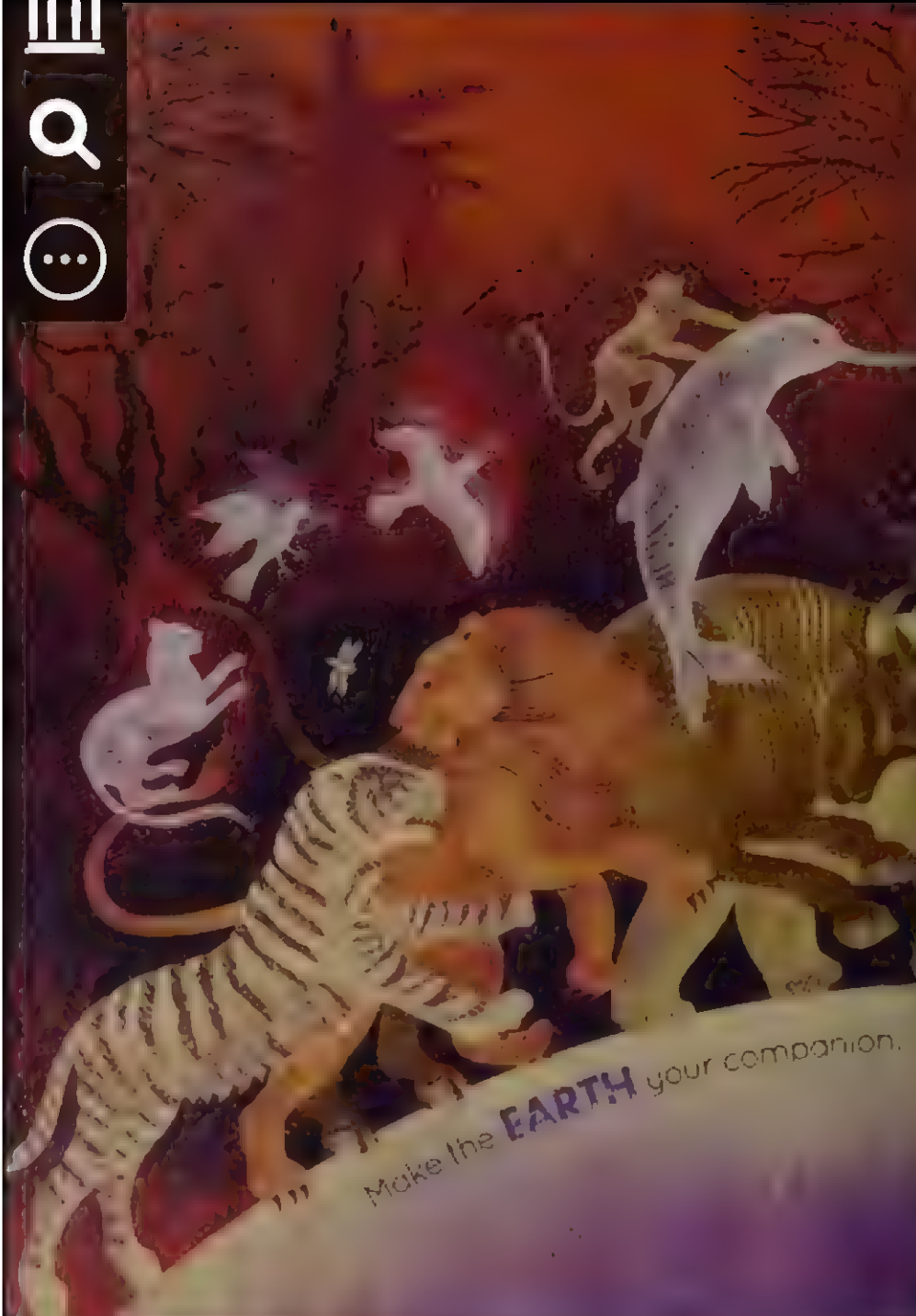




Make the Eart...
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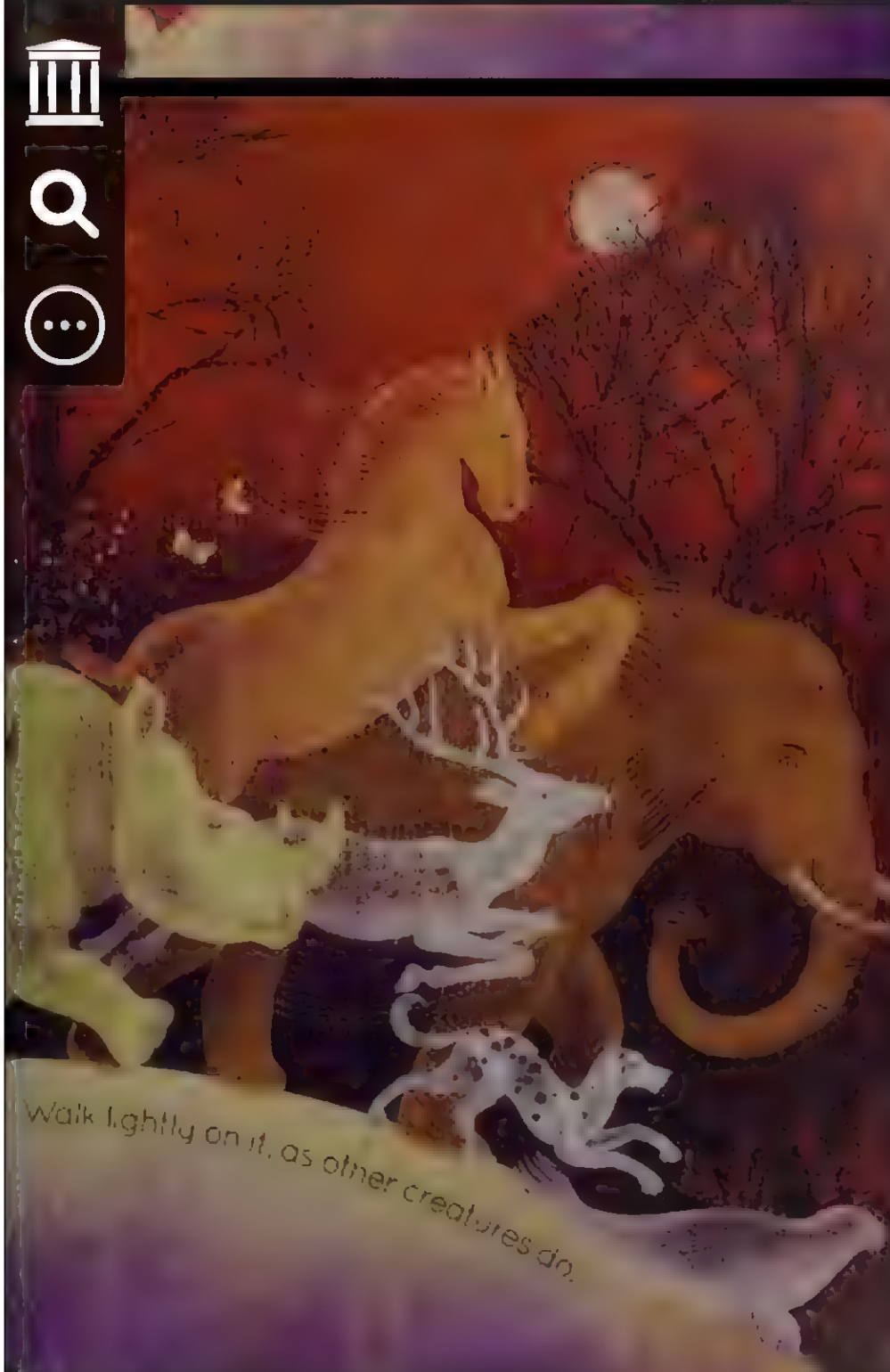




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Walk lightly on it, as other creatures do.



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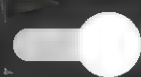
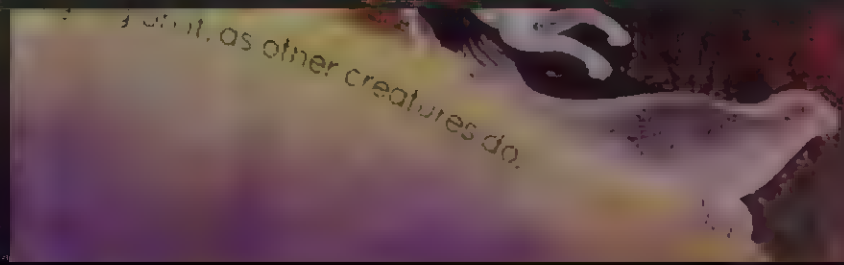




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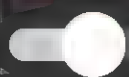
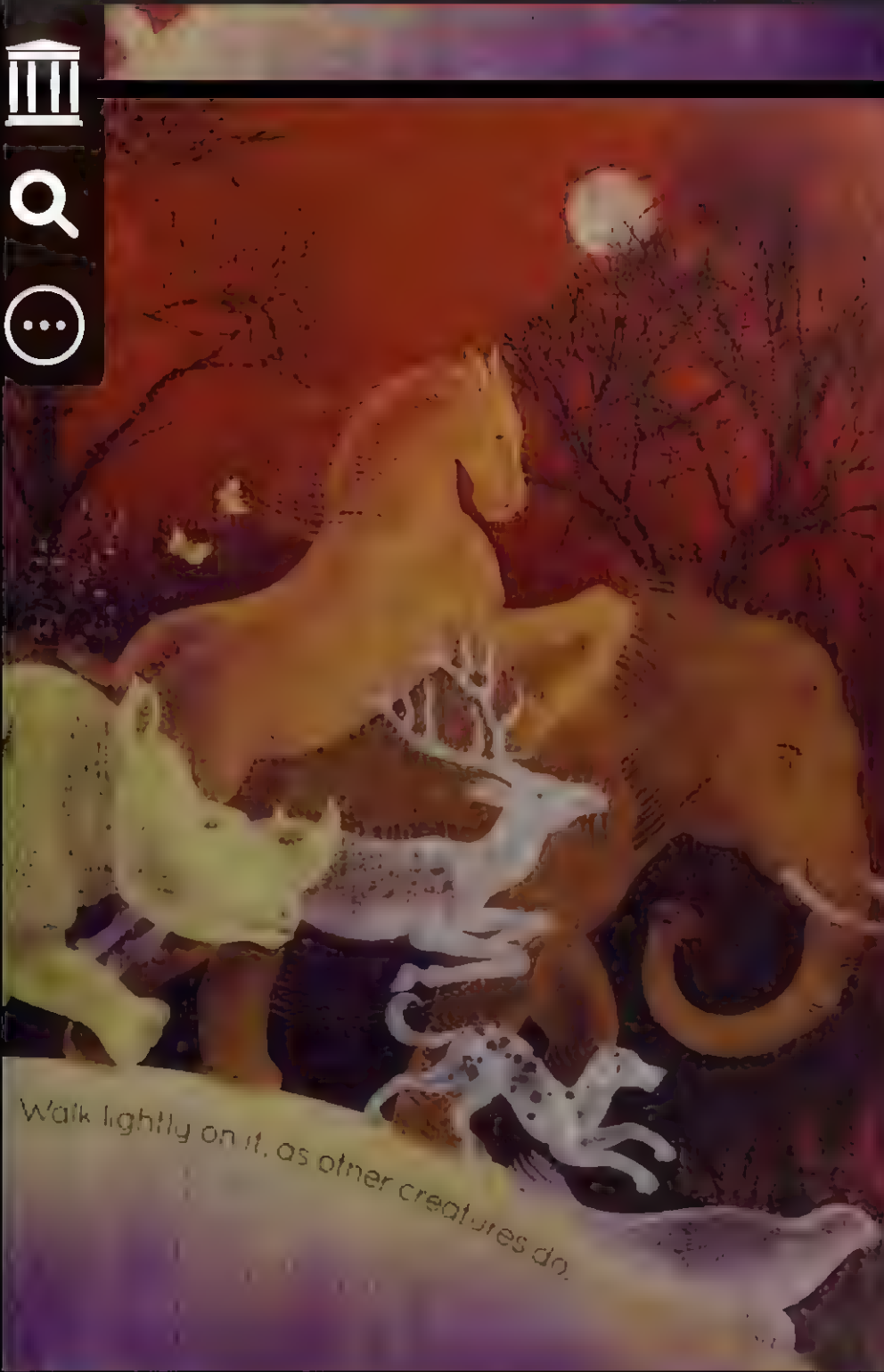




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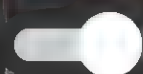




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the SKY



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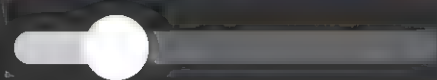




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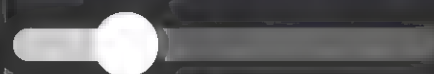
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Return now



Learn from the
how to face harsh forces.



(11 of 40)





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Return now



Let the **RIVER** remind you that everything will pass.



(13 of 40)



Return now



Let the **LAKE** instruct
you in stillness.

(15 of 40)





Return now



Let the **SPRING** reveal
the Earth at its rebirth.



(17 of 40)





Return now



Let the **MOUNTAIN**
teach you grandeur.



(19 of 40)

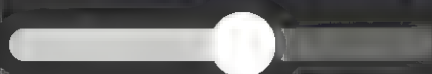




Return now



Let the **WOODLAND**
be your house of peace.

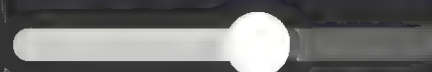
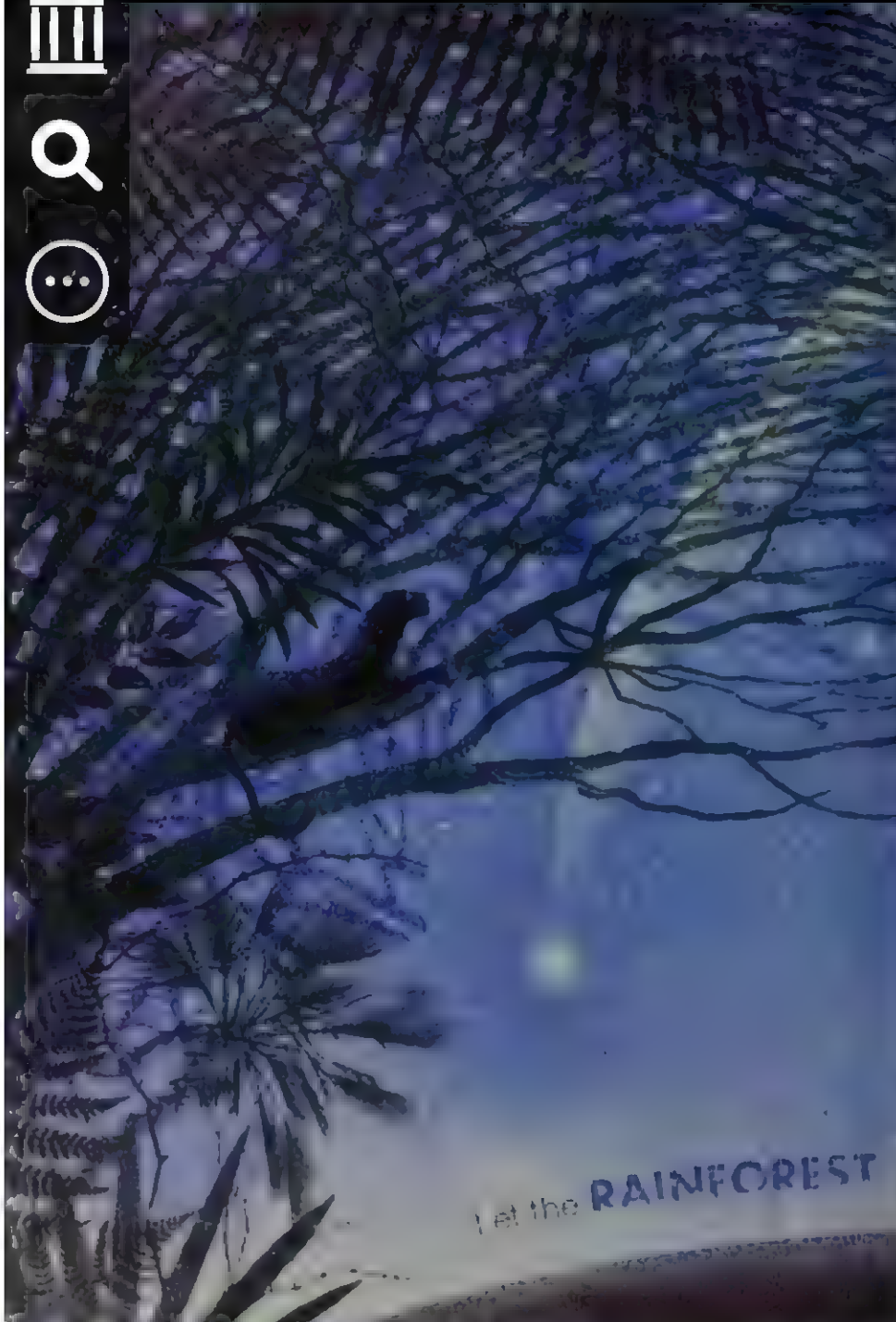


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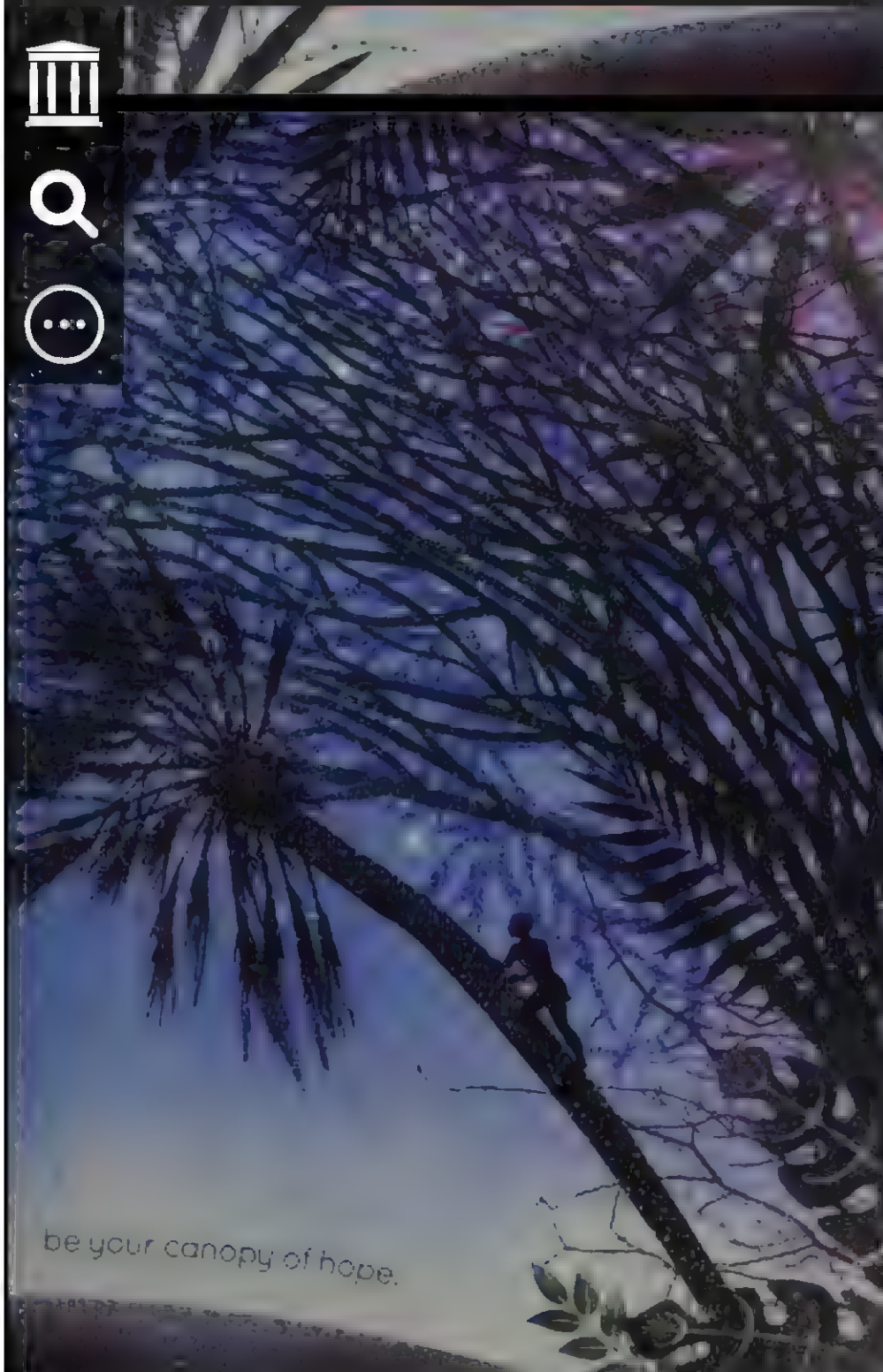




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Meet the **WETLAND**
on twilight ground.



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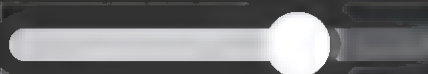
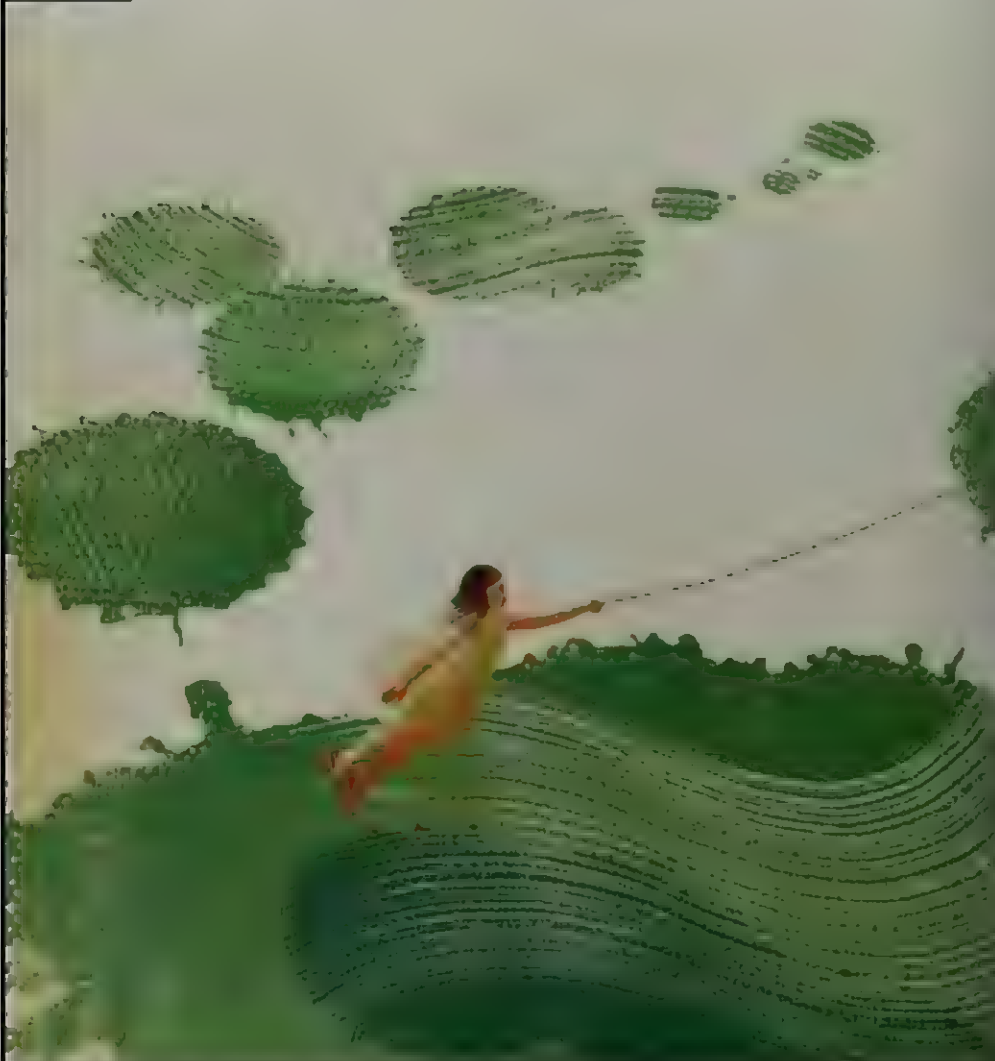




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Save some small piece of
GRASSLAND for a
red kite on a windy day.



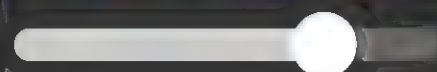
(27 of 40)



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See the **ICECAPS** glisten
with crystalline majesty.



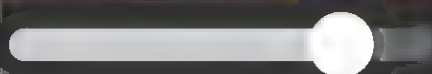
(29 of 40)



Return now



Hear the **DESERT** whisper
hush to eternity.



(31 of 40)

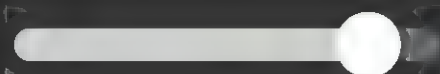




Return now



Feel the **TOWN** weave a
small basket of togetherness.



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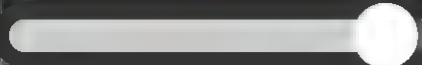




Make the Eart...
archive.org



Return now



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January

The snowshoe rabbit
Sees the grouse
Hiding beside
His snowshoe house—
A country dressed
In winter white
Is best for keeping
Out of sight.

Raw days like these
No sparrow dares;
The month is made
For polar bears
And timber wolves.
Great days of ice!
Refrigerated
Paradise.

Return now



February

Ice-skating ponds
Begin to crack—
Old Winter's wearing thin.
It won't be long
Before the song-
Bird serenades begin.

Safely under
The weather, Mole
Sleeps at his subway stop.
His next-door neighbor's
Tunnels go
Up to the crowd on top—

Where Groundhog
Punxsutawney Phil!
Is first to spread the news:
*My shadow's on
The meadow!*
Six more weeks of winter blues.

(11 of 40)





March

One day this coldhearted guest
Blusters in and thumps his chest,
Bends

the
birches
to
their
knees,

Nips the buds off all the trees.

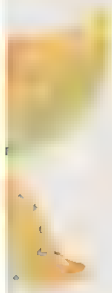
Chickadees, two chipper chaps,
Trimmed in coal black bibs and caps,
Hop across the heather row,
Chirping "*Tut-tut-tut!*" to snow.

climb!

to
start
may

Temperatures
Crocuses poke up in time.
March, the bullyboy, leaves town
Once the weather settles down.




May

Oh, Caterpillar, where will you hide
After tonight sets today aside?

*Crab apple blossoms, a field of clover,
A buttermilk jug or the back porch swing.*

Slow Caterpillar, didn't you know?
You've so little time, yet so far to go.

*Ladybug Lady, before the month's over,
I'll fly away on the butterfly wing.*







July

One for the kid with the corn-dog stick
Two for his Sno-Kone sister
Three for the girl in the Dunking Booth
You tried to sink but missed her

Four for the Labrador licking the pool
Five for the mad mosquitoes
Six hurrahs for the Dreamsicle days
Seven for the bee torpedoes

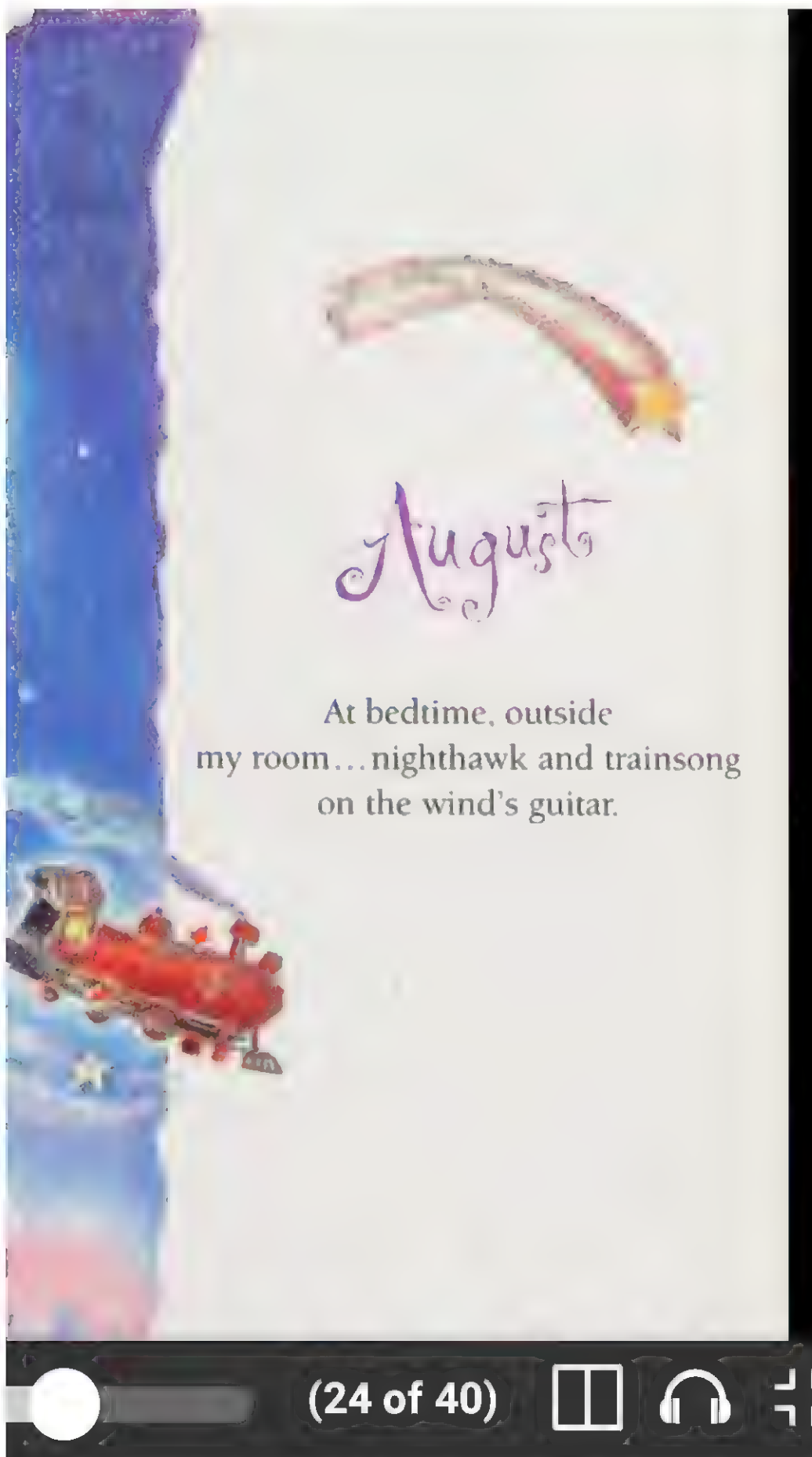
Eight for *ka-bang!* and *ka-boom-boom-boom!*
Nine for the fireflies dancing
Ten for the Fourth of July parade
And the Color Guard advancing

Red-hot summer days are here!
And white-hot firework nights!
Turn up the heat
And the marching beat
But don't turn out the lights!





July is a mad ...
archive.org



(24 of 40)



September

They've closed the public
Swimming pool,
And children swarm
Like fish to school.

The bright orange bus
Revs up, but boys
And girls outshout
The engine noise.

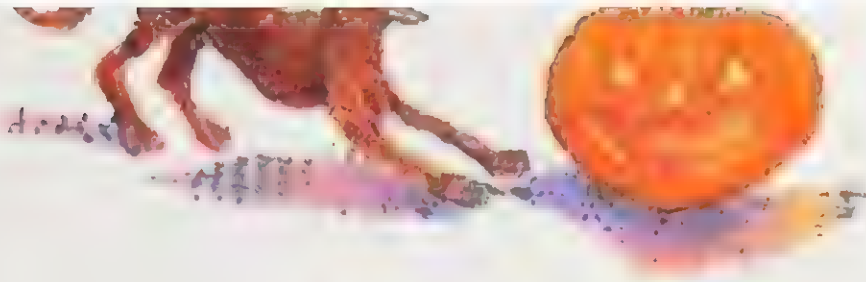
Late summer skies
Wind-whistle songs.
Dry heat heads south
Where it belongs—

On city streets
And rural routes
Where folks still wear
Their bathing suits.



(26 of 40)





October

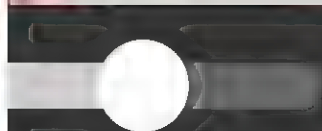
When the cottonwoods sway and sigh *I wish*
And the last cider apples *ka-thunk* on the ground

The great horned owl in his crimson tree
Sees the geese V-turn in the blue goose sky

While a black cat sings to the new moon *Oh*
And a dog sees the light in a pumpkin's grin

And a batwinged boy and a witchy girl fly
Round a house on a hill going round all around

And the great horned owl in his crimson tree
Looks into the world and he calls it *Ho-ome*





November

The bottoms of autumn
Wear diamonds of frost;
The tops of the trees rue
The leaves that they've lost.

Red squirrels, busy packing
Oak cupboards for weeks,
Still rattle the branches
With seeds in their cheeks.

Gray clouds go on promising
Winter's first storm,
So we stay inside by
The stove to keep warm.

Home biscuits are baking,
The gravy is stirred,
Two pumpkin pies cool
By the thank-you bird.



December

Blue chimney smoke
Curls up and lies
Across the village square,
And people kiss by mistletoe...
There's something in the air!

The tinsel tree,
The Christmas goose,
Two carolers on the green,
Who just became a trio
With my snowman in between.

And Mother's in the kitchen
Setting out a plate of cheese
And cookies—
And eight celery sticks—
So hurry, reindeer, please!





July's one mad mosquito;
Late August is a hawk,
Circling over summer and
The summer-gone talk.

September is a school of fish;
October's great horned owl
Eyes kindergarten goblins
With a curious scowl.

November's the tom turkey
We couldn't wait to roast,
But the deer that is December
Is what I remember most.





Return now



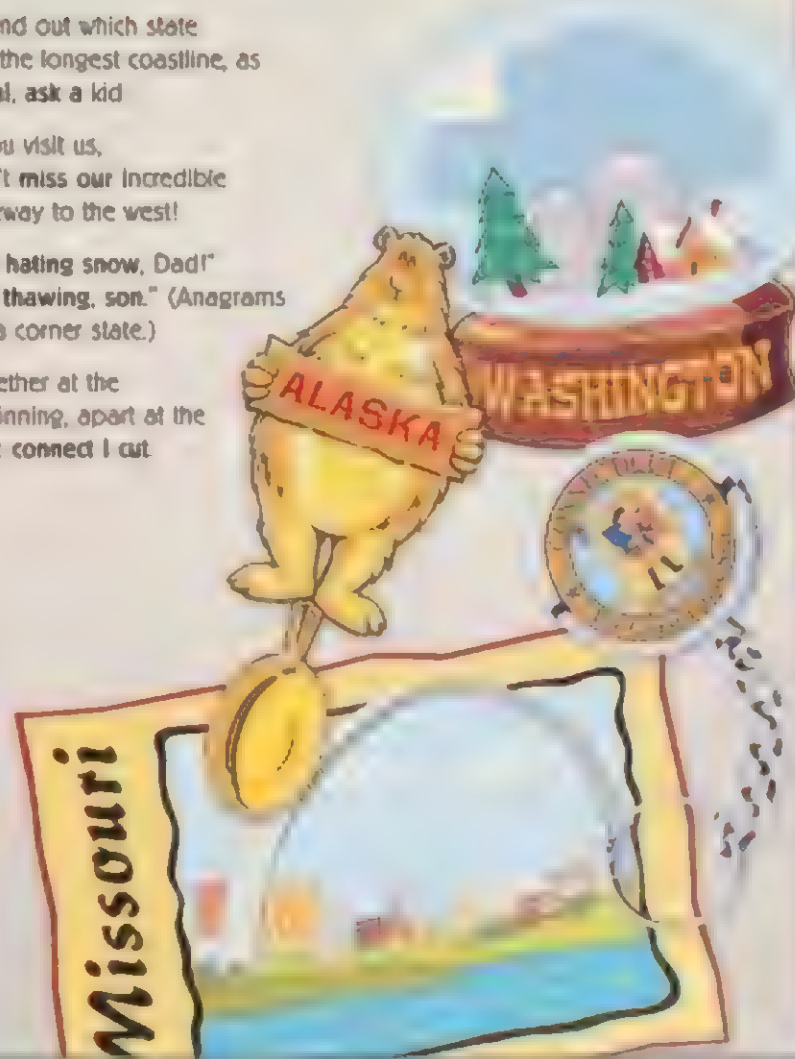
HaikUSA

To find out which state
has the longest coastline, as
usual, ask a kid

If you visit us,
don't miss our Incredible
gateway to the west!

"I'm hating snow, Dad!"
"It's thawing, son." (Anagrams
for a corner state.)

Together at the
beginning, apart at the
end: connect I cut



(6 of 40)



Return now



(1 of 40)



Last Laughs

Here at Amen
Creature Corners,
beasties weep
like misty mourners,
but when they read
an epitaph,
it always brings them
one last laugh.
Forget the hankies.
Read the words
of bugs and fishes,
beasts and birds.
They know it's not
all gloom and doom
that's written
once upon a tomb.

Good-bye to a Rowdy Rooster

Too cocky by far,
he head-butted a car.

Chicken Crosses Over

She never found the answer
to the age-old question,
Why did the chicken cross the ro—?

Return now



Hen's Last Cluck

The end of her day
was in fowl play.

Tough Turkey

Sorry, no leftovers.

6 of 35

Return now



No Longer Horsing Around

First he was just
a little hoarse,
then the fever
took its course.



7 of 35





Return now

*Ciao, Cow*

This grave is peaceful,
the tombstone shaded,
but I'm not here —
I've been cream-ated.



Final Pound for a Hound



9 of 35



Return now



Final Pound for a Hound

Once he dug holes in the lawn;
now he's there himself,
dog-gone.



9 of 35



Return now



Grabby Tabby

She always loved
a good yarn.



10 of 35



Return now

**Katydidn't**

The car wouldn't stop;
the car wouldn't yield.
The bug couldn't hop
the front windshield.

Firefly's Final Flight

12 of 35



Return now



Firefly's Final Flight

Lights out.



Flickering Moth

Here lies a moth
without a name.
who lived by the fire
and died by the flame.

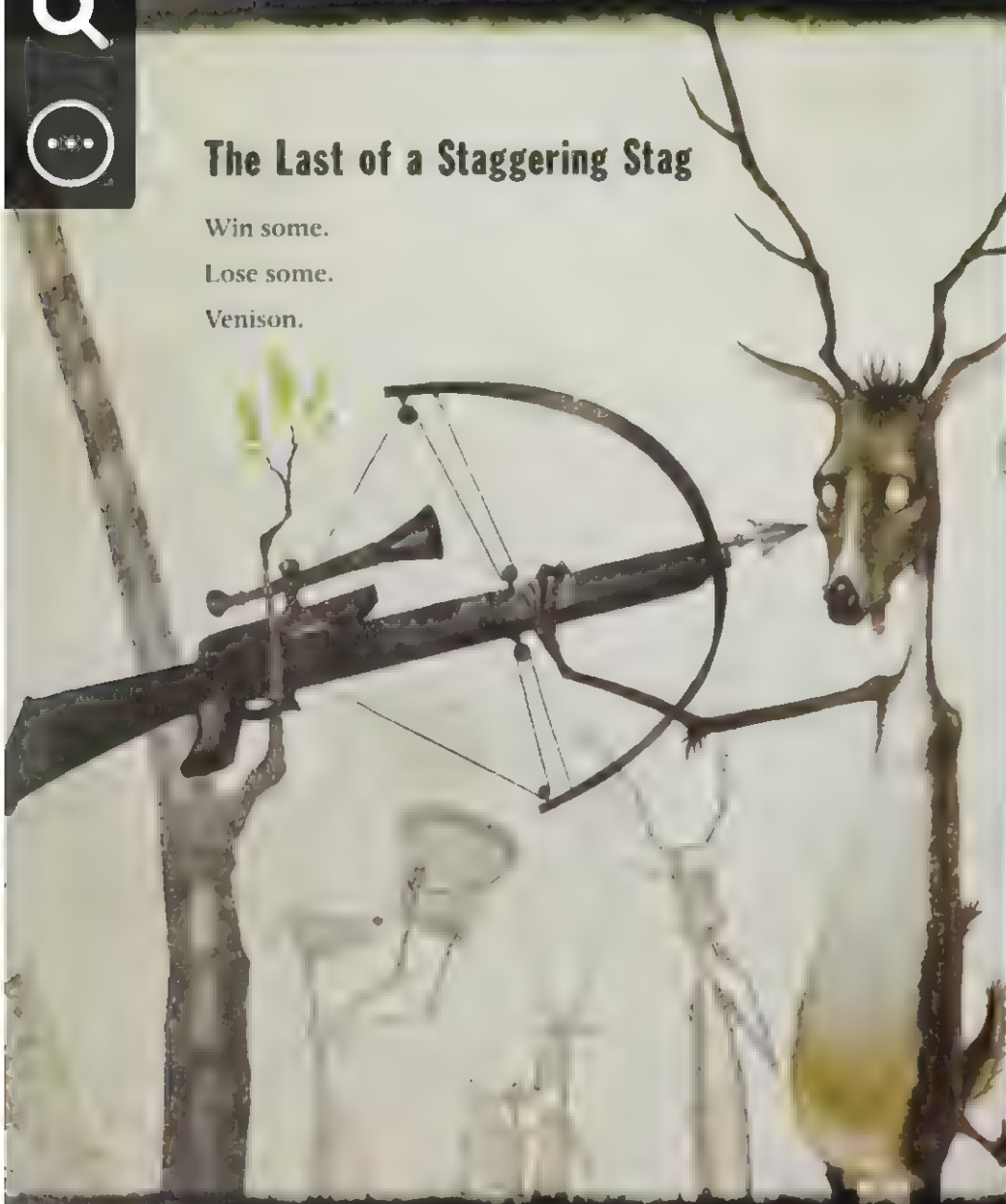


Return now



The Last of a Staggering Stag

Win some.
Lose some.
Venison.



13 of 35





Return now



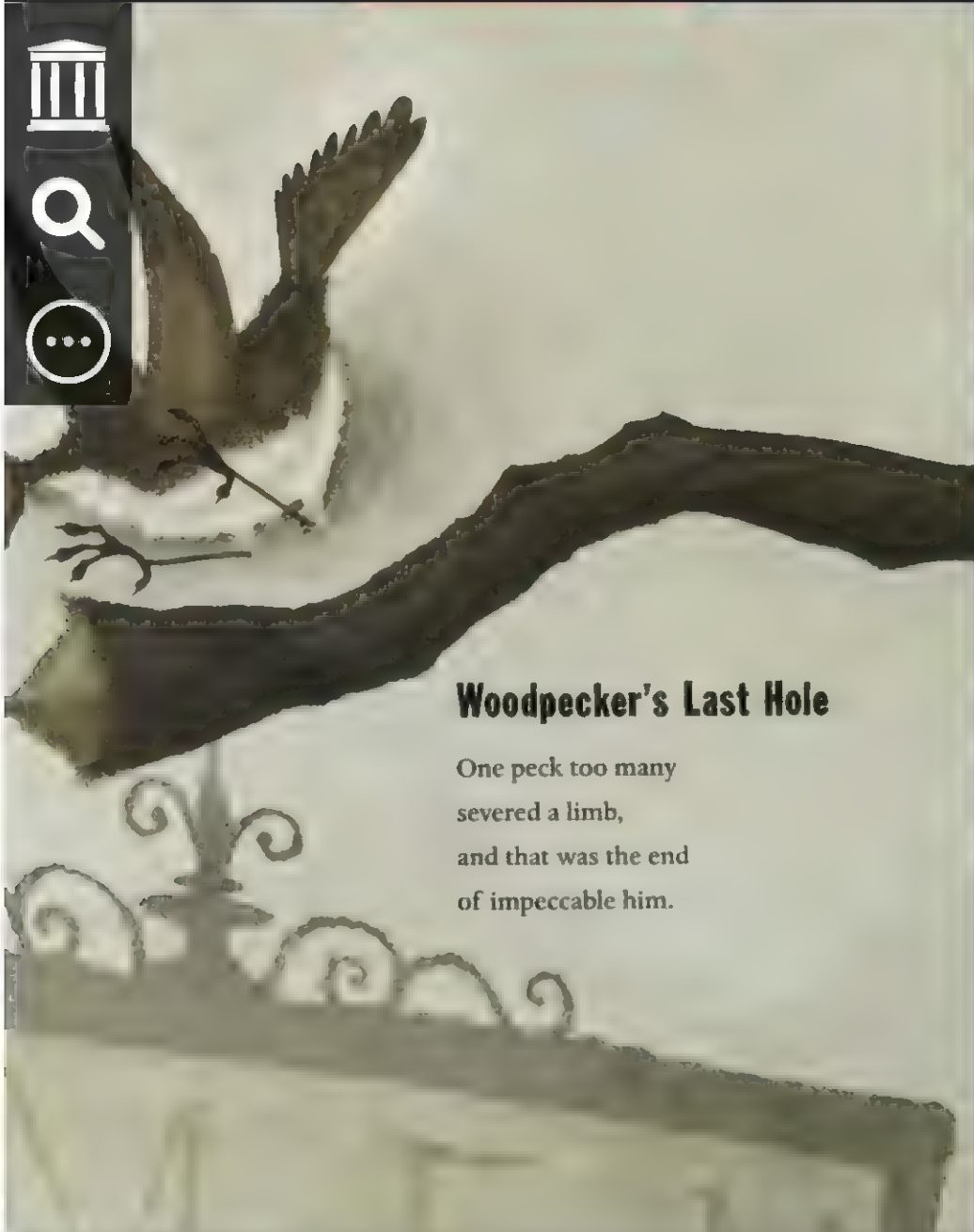
For a Bear, Barely There

He crawled inside
to hibernate
and reach his goal
of losing weight.
He missed the spring,
the summer, fall . . .
having eaten
not at all.
Another winter
swirled outside,
so he—
with overbearing pride—
lay right back down
and barely sighed.
At least,
he thought
before he died,
I tried.





Return now



Woodpecker's Last Hole

One peck too many
severed a limb,
and that was the end
of impeccable him.



16 of 35





Return now

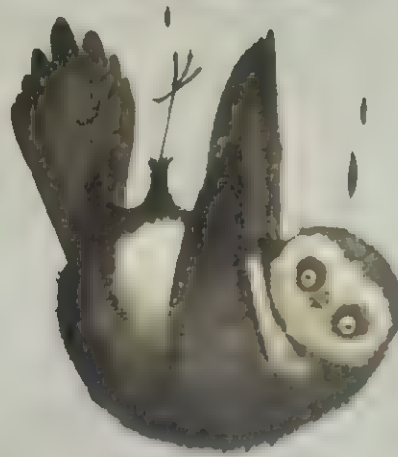


Mourning a Dove

Go, wing,
go, wing . . .
gone.

Owl Be Seeing You

Hit by a pellet
some other owl cast,
he asked, "Who?" quietly
as he passed.



17 of 35



Return now



Cooked Goose

He was Canada born
and Canada bred,
and here he lies—
Canada dead.



Return now



Swan Song

A simple song.
It wasn't long.

18 of 35



Return now

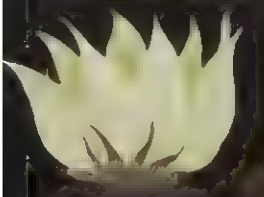


A simple song,
It wasn't long.



For a Frog: Not a Hoppy Ending

In his pond,
he peacefully soaked,
then, ever so quietly
croaked.



19 of 35





Return now



Double-crossed Newt

Little newt,
so small,
so fine,
so squashed
beneath
the crossing
sign.



Return now



Blue Whale Blues

She sang a melody,
two continents apart,
so long and sad, the echo
broke her heart.



21 of 35





Return now



A Narwhal, Foiled Again

His end was hard,
when not *en garde*.

Not Gone on Porpoise

She wasn't sure which
butterfly, breast, or back
but she had a stroke.



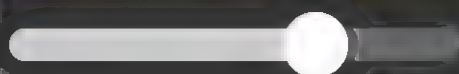


Return now



A Swordfish's Pointed End

I fought a shark,
up to a point.
Shark left his mark—
nose out of joint.



23 of 35





Return now



Barracuda's Bite-size Demise

My teeth were vicious;
my bite was hateful.

A great white met me
the date was fateful.

The shark was hungry,
and I was baitful.

24 of 35

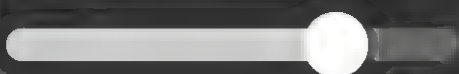
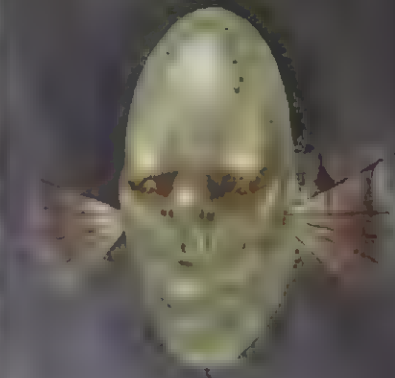


Return now



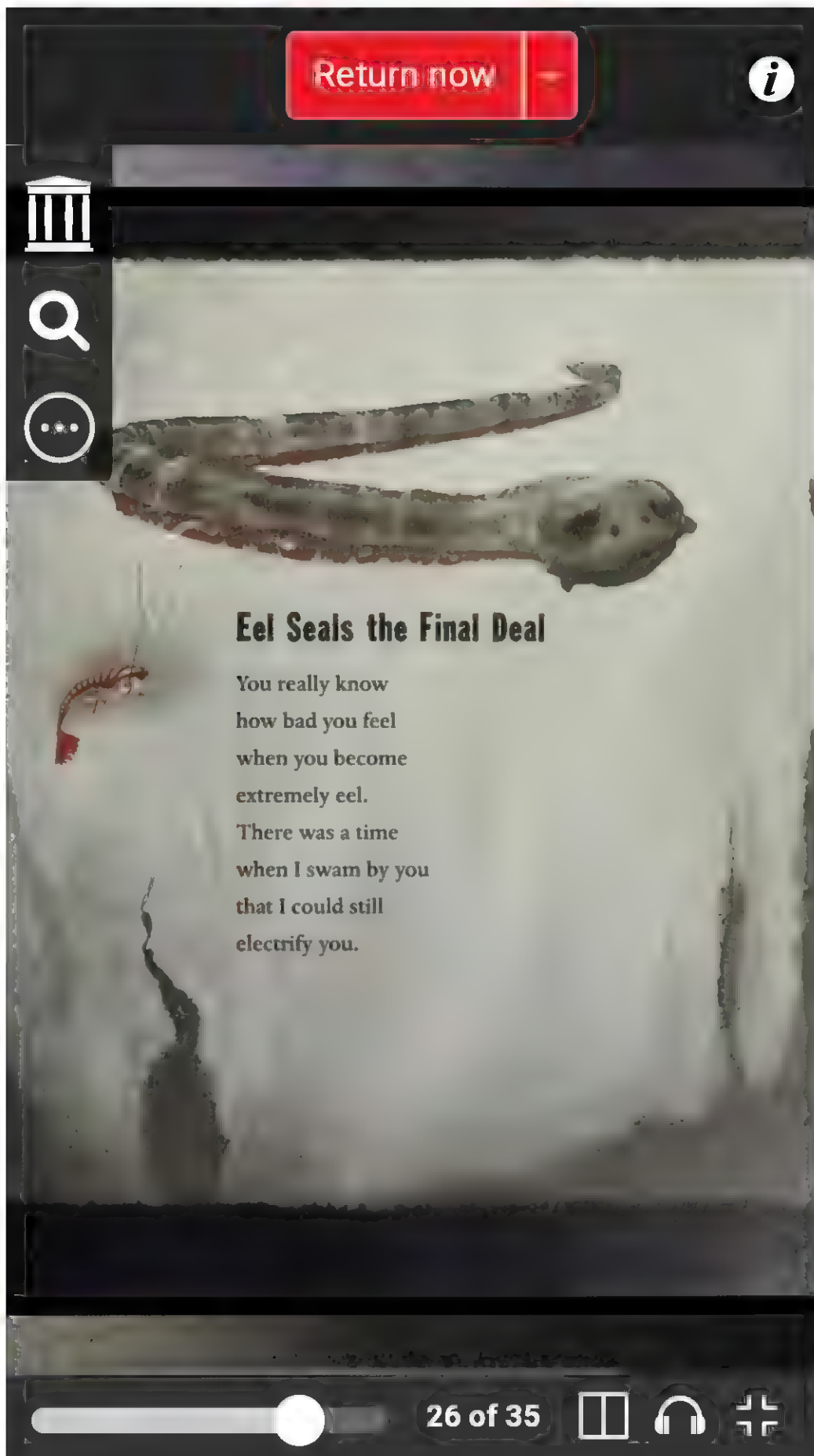
R.I.P. (Really Inattentive Piranha)

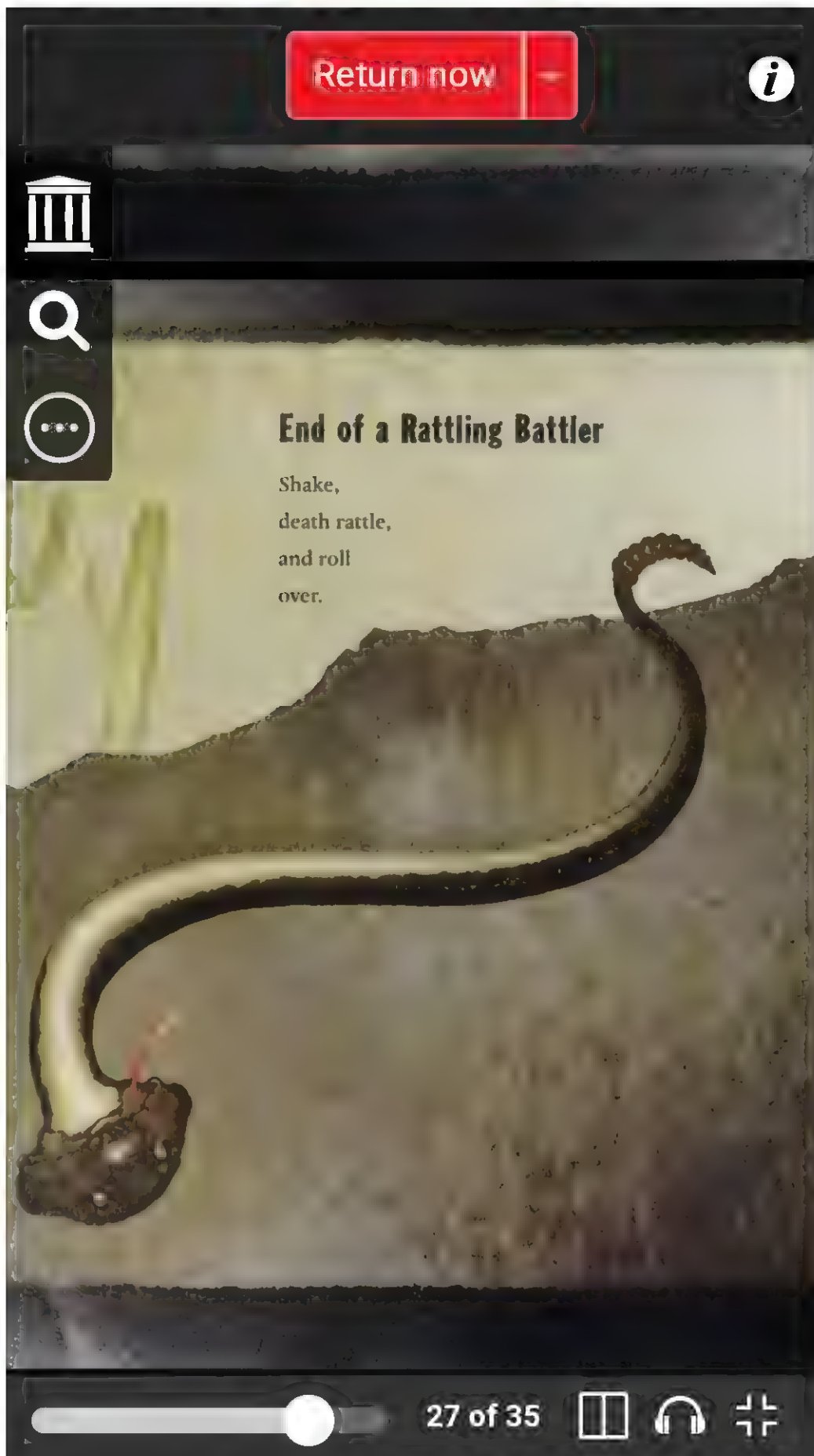
The second-sharpest
teeth in the river



25 of 35

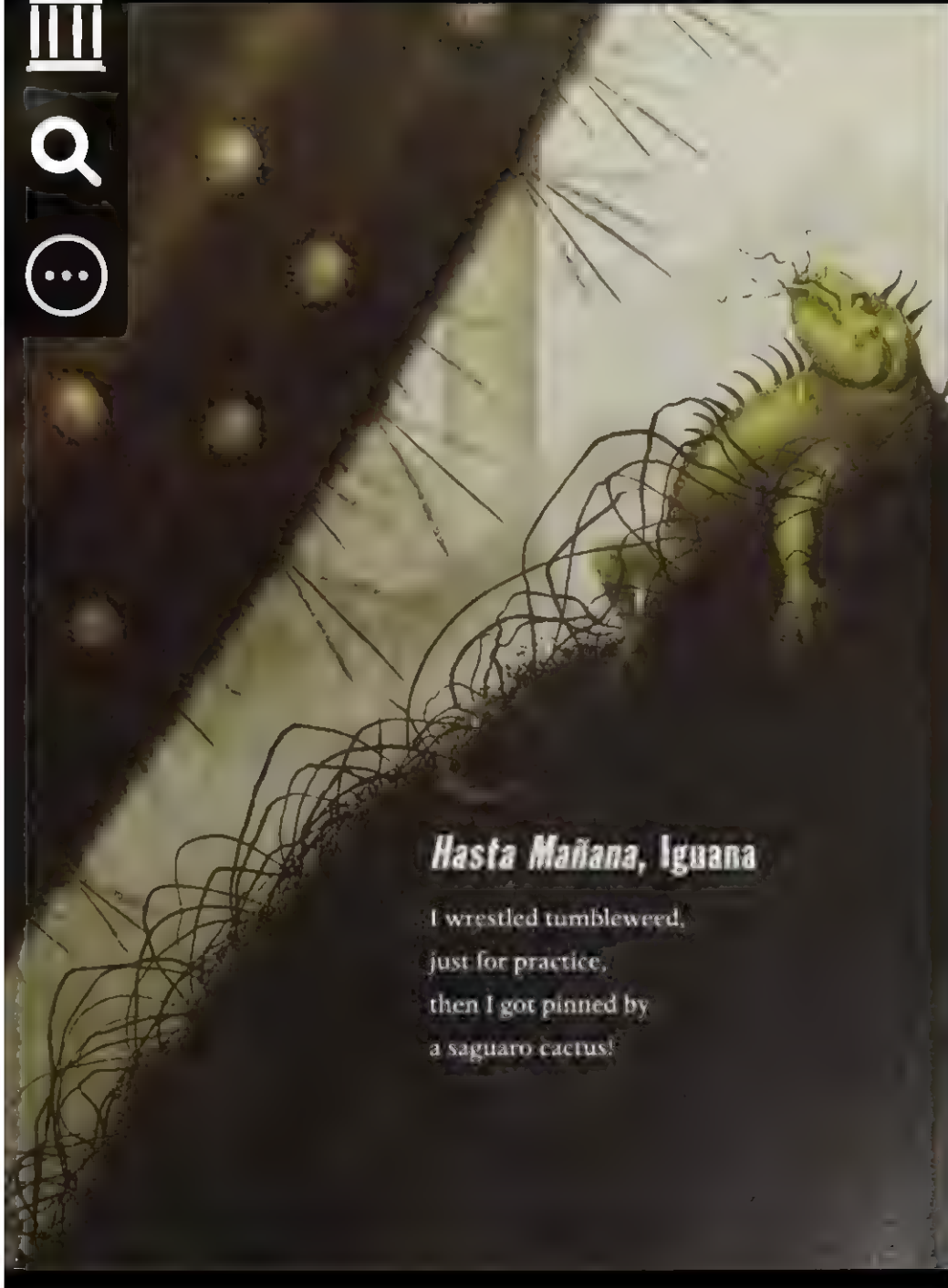








Return now



Hasta Mañana, Iguana

I wrestled tumbleweed,
just for practice,
then I got pinned by
a saguaro cactus!

28 of 35



Return now

An Infirm Worm

To all the worms who've fed and fed
upon remains, you'll soon be dead.
Those who have the final laugh
will read these words on your behalf.
Here inside your earthbound tomb,
you'll find you've no more wiggle room.

30 of 35





Return now



No Boys Allowed

Poems About Brothers and Sisters

Compiled by John Micklos, Jr.

Illustrations by Kathleen O'Malley



WORDSONG

Boyd's Mills Press

Return now



ek	me O'Connell George	18
	ick Lewis	19
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..... 31



New Baby Sister

Tiny fingers,
Tiny toes,
Tiny little button nose—
That's my baby sister.

Too small to smile,
Too small to play,
Up all night, asleep all day—
That's my baby sister.

Tiny gurgles,
Tiny sighs,
Tiny little hungry cries—
That's my baby sister.

Sometimes she's a bother.
But I guess that's allowed,
'Cause she's still awfully cute,
And I'm still awfully proud.

John Micklos, Jr.





Little

I am the sister of him
And he is my brother.
He is too little for us
To talk to each other.

So every morning I show him
My doll and my book;
But every morning he still is
Too little to look.

Dorothy Aldis



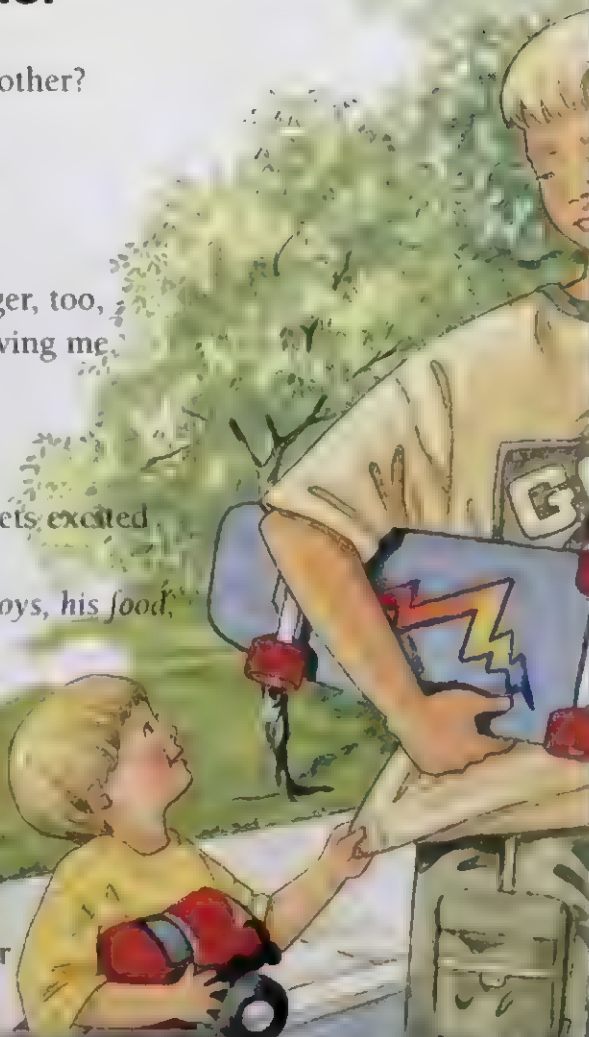
Return now

i



I'm Still Getting Used to My Little Brother

Do I have to have a little brother?
That's all I want to know,
'cause to tell you the truth
he won't be much fun
until he starts to grow.
But by that time, I'll be bigger, too,
and I won't want him following me.
Yet I can see it already—
the way that he smiles—
just how my life will be.
He points and laughs and gets excited
whenever I just walk by.
He throws me his ball, his toys, his food,
and tries to get me to play.
The thing of it is,
he's kind of cute
in that baby sort of way.
I guess he's OK—after all,
it's clear that he adores me.
And I'd rather have him
than some other kid brother
who only just ignores me.

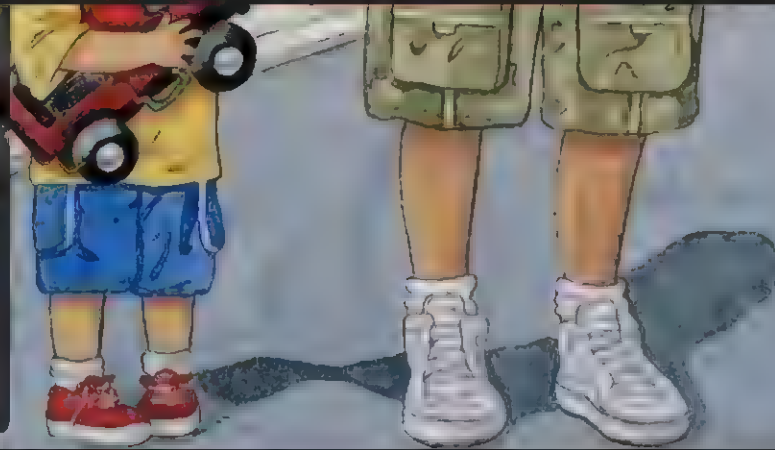


7 of 35





Return now



You and Me

Listen to the baby laugh!

When I was a baby, I did that.

His skin's so soft. His hair's so fine.

I know my numbers up to nine.

See how high he kicks his feet?

Yesterday I lost two teeth.

Grandma says he's sweet as jam.

Look and see how tall I am.

He looks just like a little elf.

I can tie all by myself.

Shhh . . . he's finally sleeping, see?

Hurray! It's time for you and me!

Rebecca Kai Dotlich



8 of 35





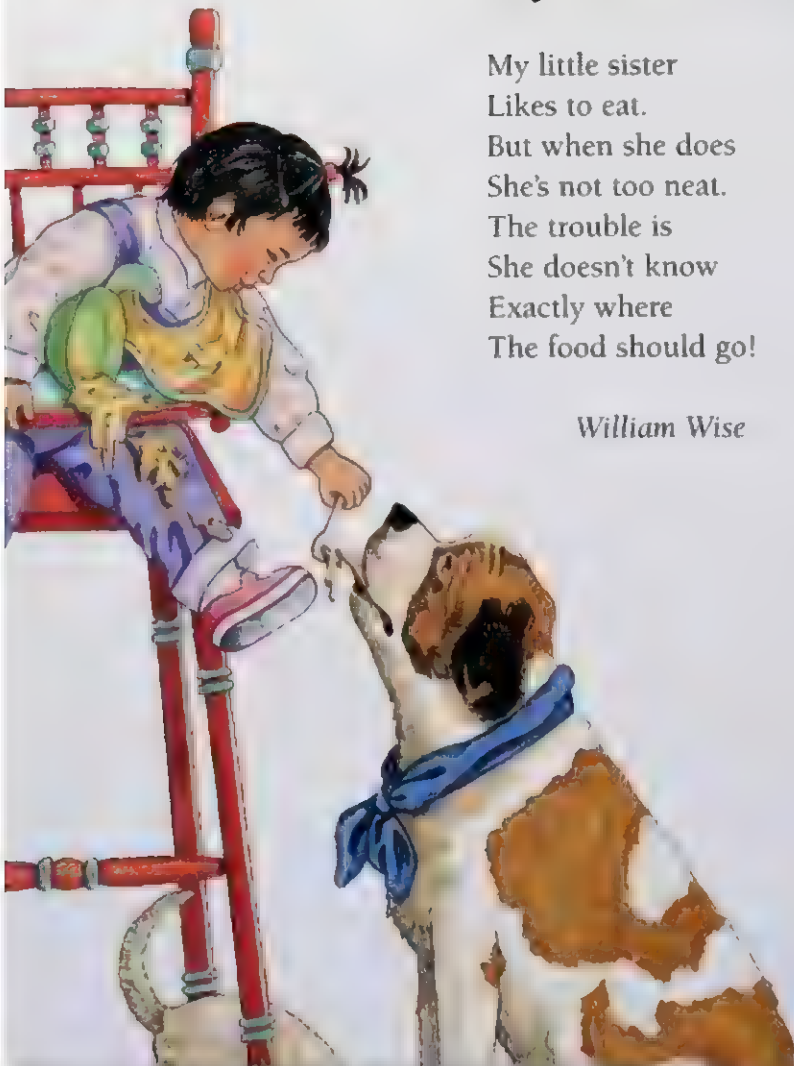
Return now



My Little Sister

My little sister
Likes to eat.
But when she does
She's not too neat.
The trouble is
She doesn't know
Exactly where
The food should go!

William Wise

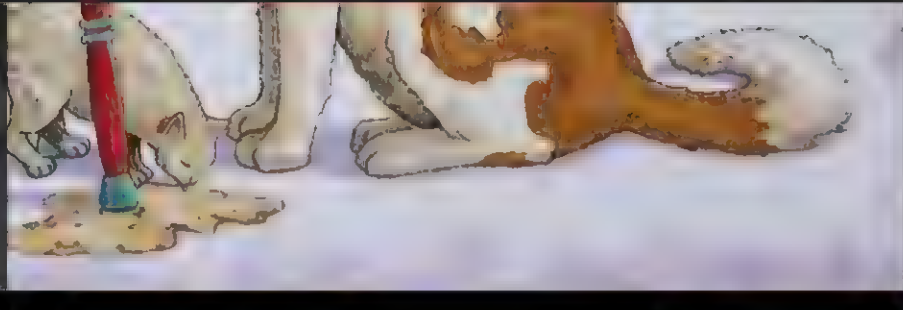


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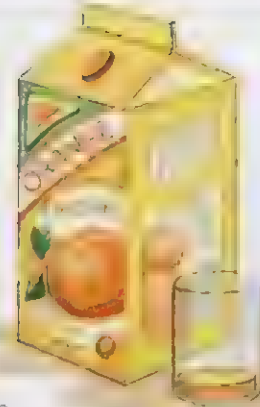


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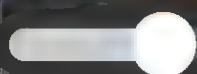
Song of Frustration

I have a sister who writes on walls
And rides her tricycle through the halls
And drowns her dolls in the bathroom sink
And takes the last of the orange drink
And sucks her thumb and screams at bugs
And hides her sandwiches under the rugs
And rips my books and won't take naps
And always sits on the company's laps.



I have a sister who's almost four.
Sometimes I wish that she lived next door.

Lois Duncan



10 of 35





Return now



My Brother



My brother is
a redwood,
wedged between my toes.

My brother is
a basketball,
jammed up in my nose.

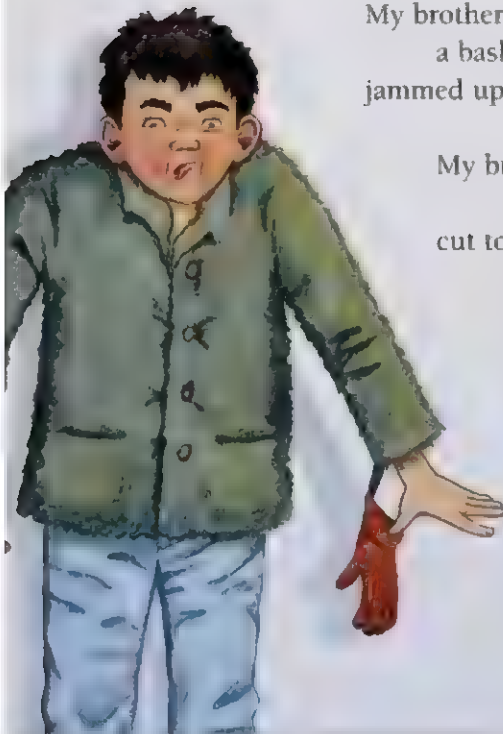
My brother is
a scratchy coat,
cut too small to fit.

My brother's
a mosquito,
just begging to get hit.

My brother is
a chain saw,
that once started whines and roars.

My brother is
the chicken pox.
He cannot be ignored.

Sara Ho



11 of 35





Return now



My brother is
the chicken pox.
He cannot be ignored.

Sara Holbrook



No Boys Allowed

There are absolutely,
Positively,
Without a doubt,
No boys allowed in my room.

No boys from school,
Or boys from church,
Or boys from the neighborhood,
Or even famous boys from
television shows.

No policemen,
Or firemen,
Or even my dad,
Or even the President.

And *especially*
No little brothers
Are ever, Ever, EVER
Allowed in my room,
No matter how hard you beg,
No matter how hard you plead,
No matter what you say.

Hey, I'm a little lonely now.
Want to come in and play?

John Micklos, Jr.



Return now

i

*John Micklos, Jr.*

little sister
holds on tight.
My hands hurt
from all that squeezing,
but I don't mind.
She thinks no one will bother her
when I'm around,
and they won't
if I can help it.
And even when I can't,
I try
'cause she believes in me.

Nikki Grimes

13 of 35





Return now



Don't You Tease My Sister

Don't you tease my sister.
Don't call her silly names.
Don't push or punch or make her cry.
Don't leave her out of games.

Don't you tease my sister.
Don't try to make her sad.
'Cause when I see that she's upset
It really makes me mad!

I know *I* tease my sister.
That's normal as can be.
But if you tease my sister,
You'll have to deal with me.

John Micklos, Jr.

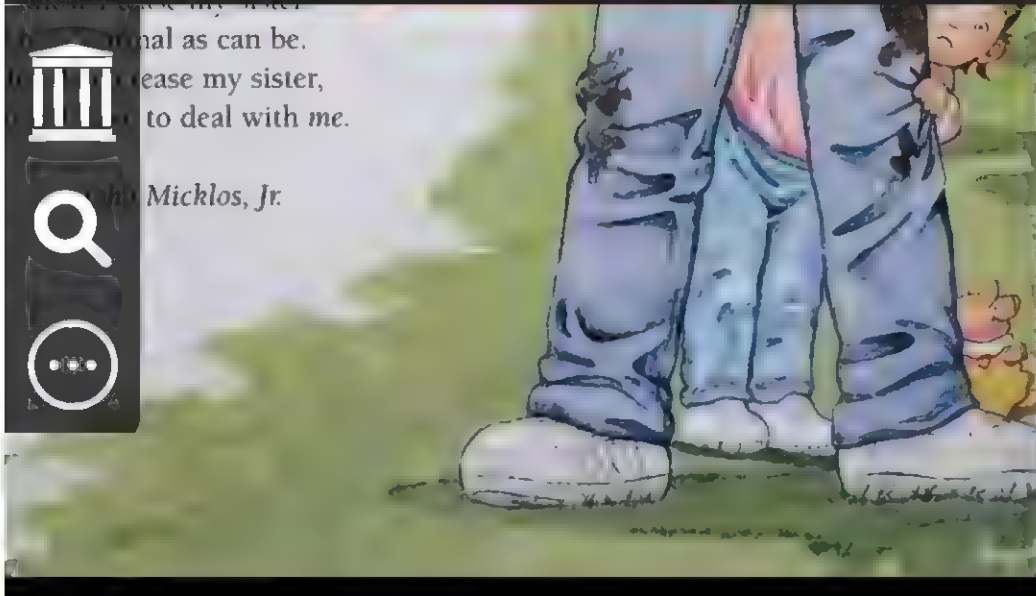


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Return now



My Brother Loves Small Animals

My brother loves small animals,
especially birds.
Three times he brought home
baby swallows and nursed them.
He placed them in a shoebox
half-filled with cotton
and fed them milk with a water dropper.
He would gently move the wings

(to keep the muscles lively).
A few times I would help,
but it was hard
because I had to be
so careful with the
baby birds—and I
am so small myself.

Emanuel di Pasquale



15 of 35



Return now

*The Two of Us*

gging black

and dangerous around

h



16 of 35





Return now



Hide and Go Seek

Little sister
thinks that
tree will
hide her.
It is slender;
she is wider.
I pretend
not to see
a very
odd tree
with an

e
l
bow

and a

k

n

e e

Kristine O'Connell George



Return now



18



Sister and Bro

Emma and Teddy
Were sister and bro.
Everywhere Emma went,
Teddy would go
Everywhere Teddy went
Emma would not.
"Teddy," said Emma,
"I must have forgot "

Teddy and Emma
Were brother and sis.
Everything Emma did,
Teddy would miss.
Everything Emma did
Teddy would say,
"Emma forgot me
Again today

J. Patrick Lewis



18 of 35



A red rectangular button with the text "Return now" in white. To the right of the text is a small white icon of a person walking.

Return now

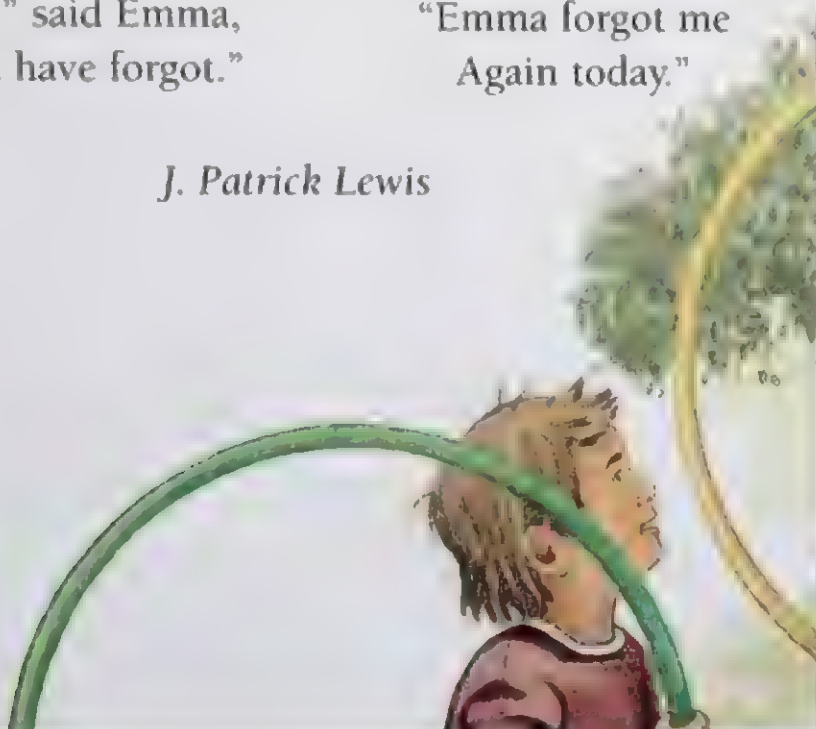
A vertical sidebar on the left side of the page containing four white icons on a dark background: a classical building, a magnifying glass, a speech bubble, and a circle with three dots.

Sister and Bro

Emma and Teddy
Were sister and bro.
Everywhere Emma went,
Teddy would go.
Everywhere Teddy went,
Emma would not.
"Teddy," said Emma,
"I must have forgot."

Teddy and Emma
Were brother and sis.
Everything Emma did,
Teddy would miss.
Everything Emma did,
Teddy would say,
"Emma forgot me
Again today."

J. Patrick Lewis



Return now



Half-Whole-Step

I have a half-sister
I have a whole-sister
I have a step-sister
That adds up to three.

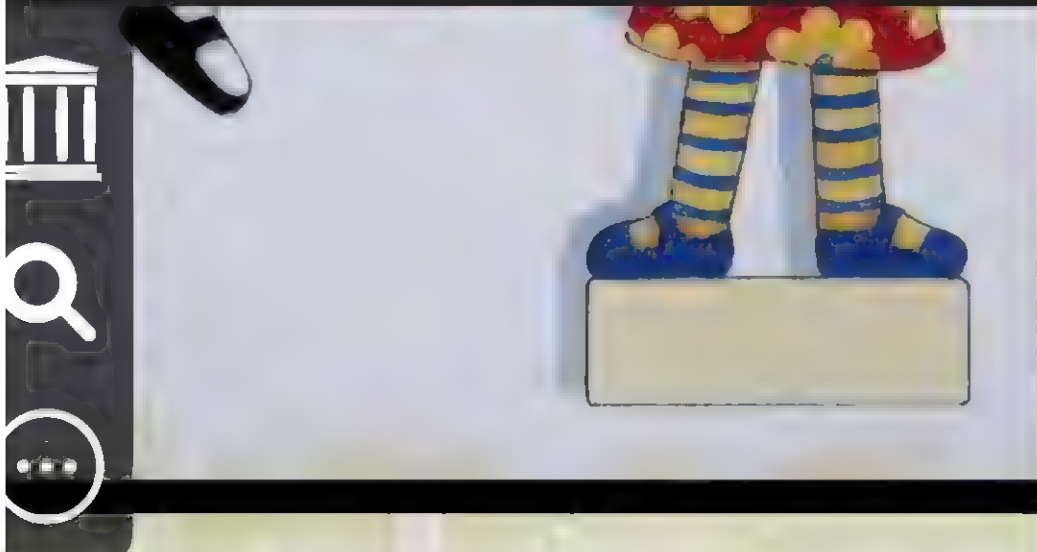
I am a half-brother
I am a whole-brother
I am a step-brother
There's just one of me!

Mary Ann Hoberman





Return now



Big Sister, Good-bye

My sister's leaving home today
to go to college far away.
She says she'll call.
She says she'll write.
She says she'll think of me each night.
But, oh, the world seems gloomy, gray.
My sister's leaving home today.

Eileen Spinelli



Return now



Who Ate the Last Five Cookies?

My sister said, "I couldn't!"
So I said, "I'm sure you could."

So when she said, "I didn't!"
I said, "Mama, yes she did!"

She said, "I really shouldn't!"
And I said, "I think you should."

I was bad and I admit it.
(Just don't tell her where I've hid.)

She said, "You know I wouldn't!"
But I said, "I bet you would."

David L. Harrison

I'm Telling

22 of 35



Return now



ould."

I said, "Mama, yes she did!"

a!"

I was bad and I admit it.

k you should."

(Just don't tell her where I've hid.)

ldn't!"

David L. Harrison

ou would."

I'm Telling

You looked at me!

You looked at me!

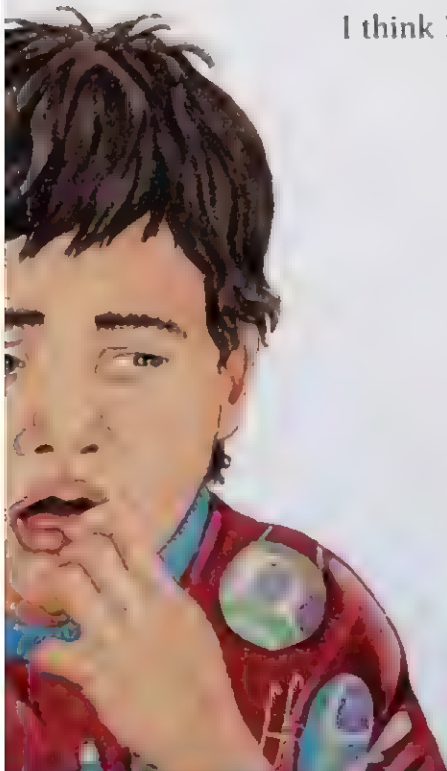
Don't say that it's not true!

It hurt so bad

when you looked at me,

I think I'll tell on you!

Jane Medina



22 of 35



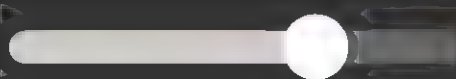
Return now



My Older Sister's in the Bathroom

How long do I
have to wait
my turn
outside this door?
If you don't
hurry up and out,
there'll be a puddle
on the floor!

Allan A. De Fina



23 of 35



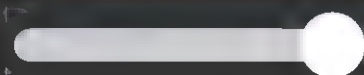
[Return now](#)

The Quarrel

I quarreled with my brother
I don't know what about,
One thing led to another
And somehow we fell out.
The start of it was slight,
The end of it was strong,
He said he was right,
I knew he was wrong!

We hated one another.
The afternoon turned black.
Then suddenly my brother
Thumped me on the back,
And said, "Oh, come along!
We can't go on all night—
I was in the wrong."
So he was in the right.

Eleanor Farjeon



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[Return now](#)

Birthday

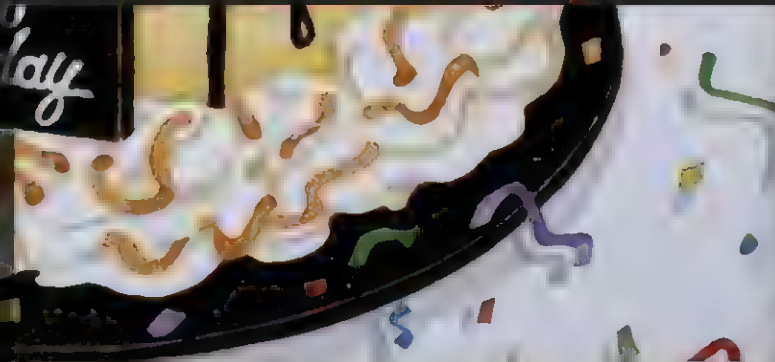
Today I'm a year older
and he isn't.
I'm getting closer all the time.
If he skipped just two birthdays
while I was catching up,
we'd be even.
It wouldn't be so tough on him.
I'd give him presents anyway.

Richard J. Margolis



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[Return now](#)

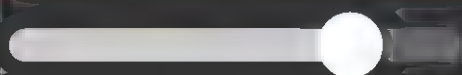
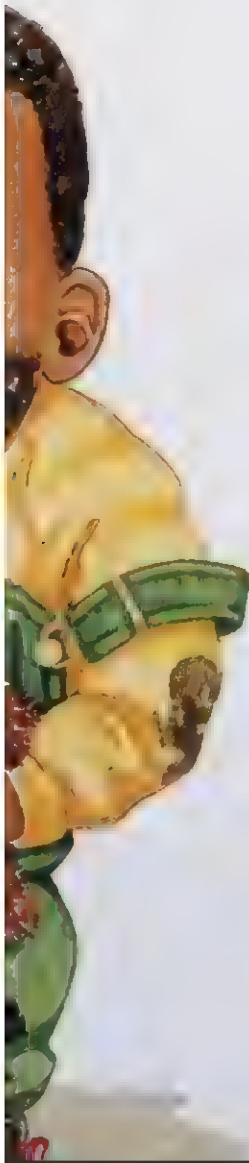
Lil' Bro'

I have to take my little brother
everywhere I go
'cause I'm his big sister
and Mama told me to.

His nose is always snotty
and his shoes come all untied,
his diapers get wet and dirty,
and he sure does like to cry.

He gets in the dirt
and runs in the street
and he doesn't like to mind—
but he's my little brother
and I keep him all the time.

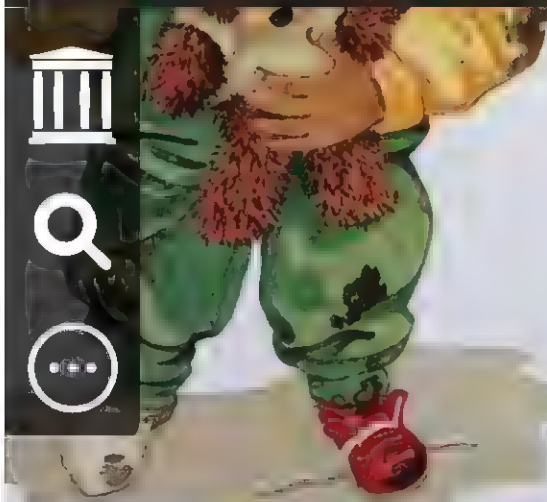
Karama Fufuka



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Return now



but he's my little brother
and I keep him all the time.

Karama Fufuka

Sweet Dreams

It's always been a wish of mine
(Or should I say a dream)
To scare my sister half to death
And hear her piercing scream.

That's why I squished four bugs until
They all were very dead,
Then took them to my sister's room
And put them in her bed.

After we had said goodnight,
My heart began to pound.
I waited and I waited, but
She never made a sound.

And then I got so doggone tired
I couldn't stay awake.
I climbed into my own warm bed
And shrieked—there was a snake!

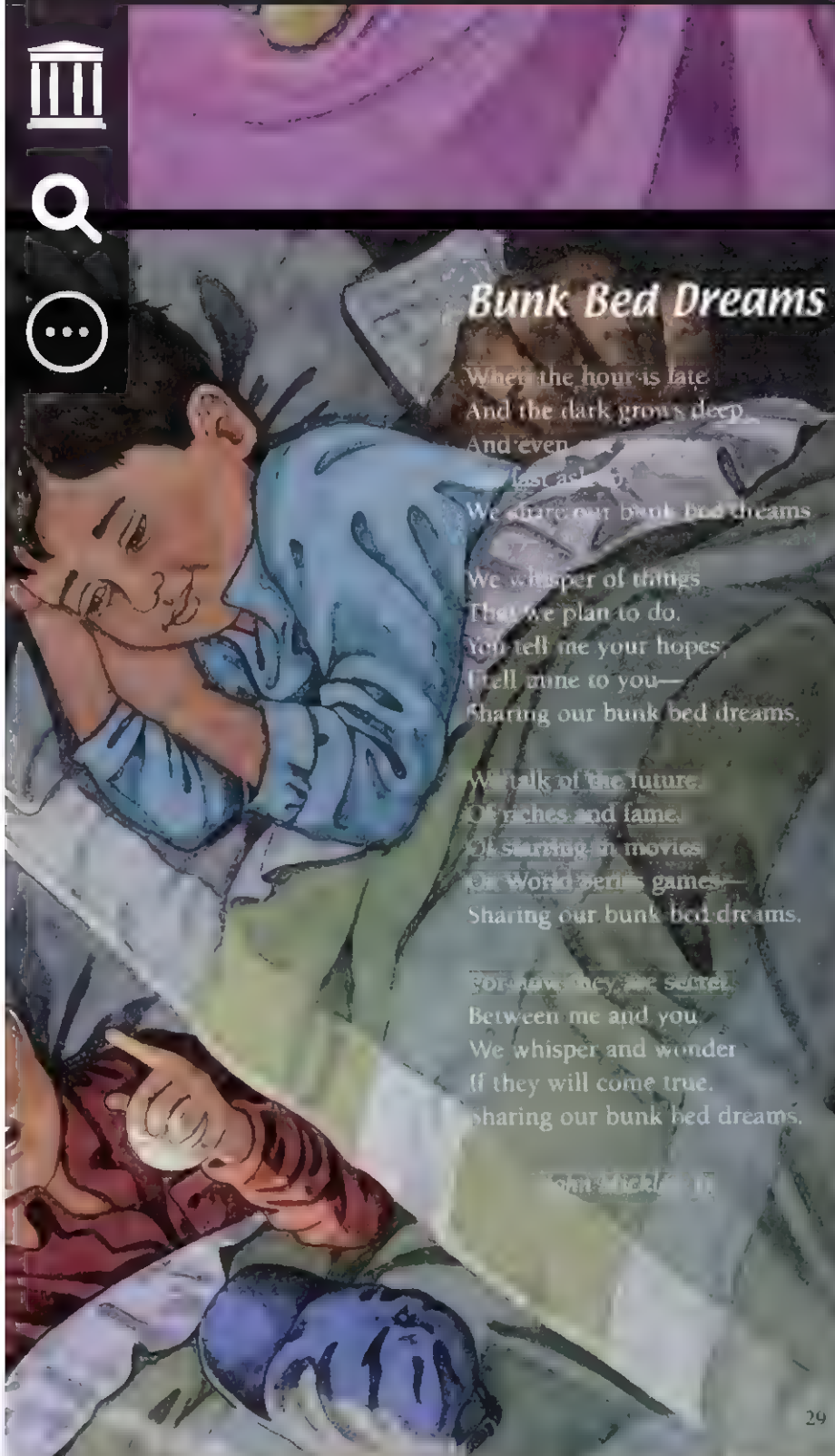
It wiggled, and I leaped and fell
And bruised my bottom half;
Then I heard an awful sound—
It was my sister's laugh.

Joyce Armor



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[Return now](#)

Bunk Bed Dreams

When the hour is late
And the dark grows deep
And even
The stars are fast asleep

We share our bunk bed dreams

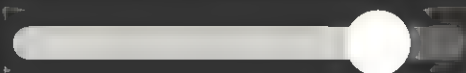
We whisper of things
That we plan to do.
You tell me your hopes,
I tell mine to you—
Sharing our bunk bed dreams.

We talk of the future
Of riches and fame,
Of starring in movies
Or World Series games—
Sharing our bunk bed dreams.

For now, they are secrets
Between me and you.
We whisper and wonder
If they will come true.
Sharing our bunk bed dreams.

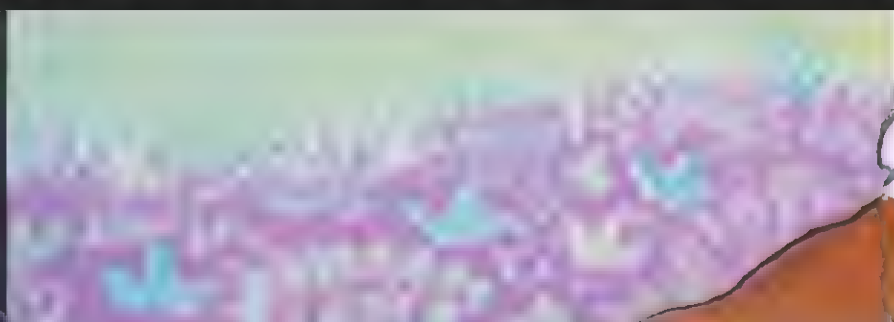
Tom Mickle III

29



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Keep a Poem in Your Pocket

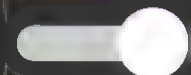
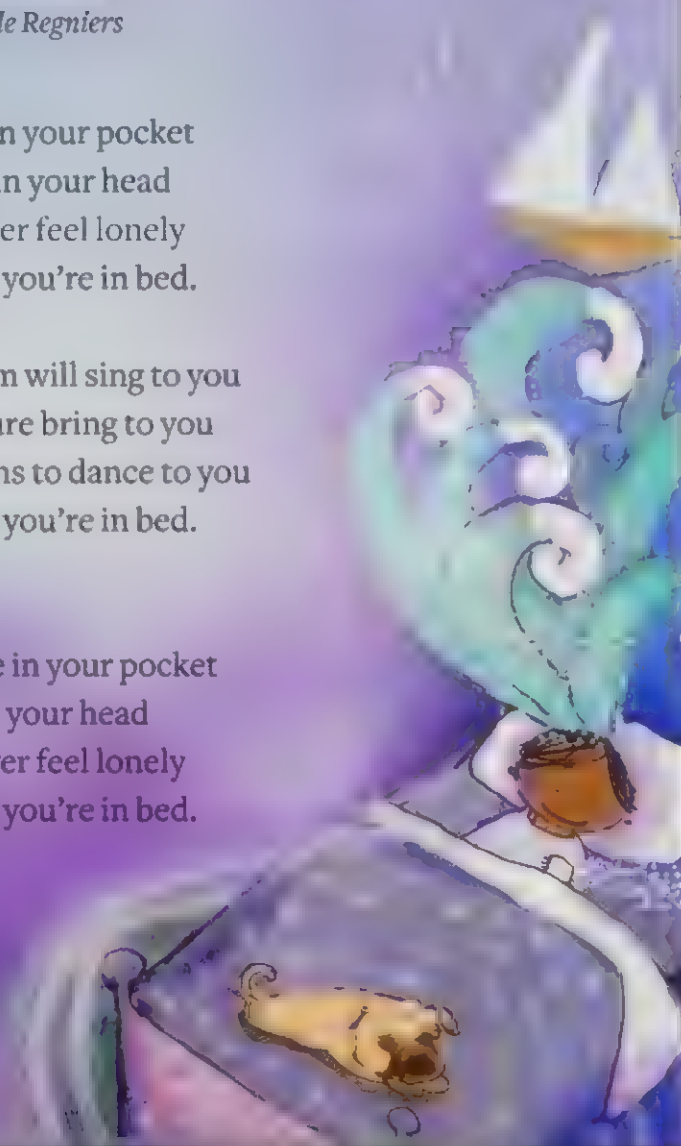
Beatrice Schenk de Regniers

Keep a poem in your pocket
and a picture in your head
and you'll never feel lonely
at night when you're in bed.

The little poem will sing to you
the little picture bring to you
a dozen dreams to dance to you
at night when you're in bed.

So—

Keep a picture in your pocket
and a poem in your head
and you'll never feel lonely
at night when you're in bed.



7 of 36





Keep a Pocket in Your Poem

J. Patrick Lewis

Keep a pocket in your poem
filled with every wondrous thing
you can think of—red hawk feather,
silver penny, pinkie ring,

Yo-yo, M&M's, a ticket
from a roller coaster ride,
pictures of your pug—a poem
needs a pocket on the side.

So—
Keep a pocket in your poem,
for imagination grows
from the deepest secret pockets
every pocket poet knows.





Keep a pocket in your poem,
for imagination grows
from the deepest secret pockets
every pocket poet knows.

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Robert Frost

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village, though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark, and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.



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Stopping by Fridge on a Hungry Evening

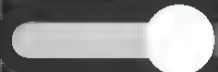
J. Patrick Lewis

Whose mold this is I think I know.
My mother won't admit it, though;
She hates it when I peek inside
To watch her fiendish fungus grow.

My little sister cried and cried
To see a pound cake . . . *petrified*!
That quart of milk's about to *blast*.
The cottage cheese has multiplied!

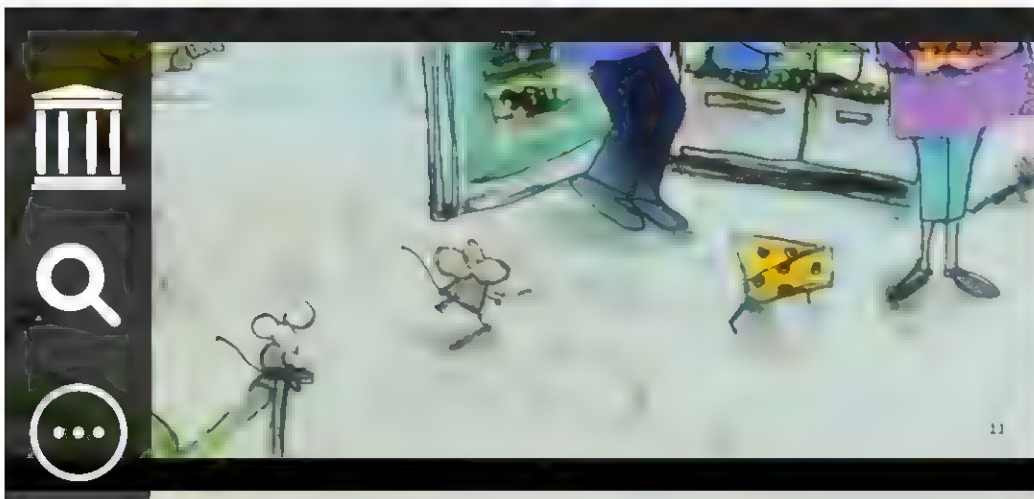
The mustard's green, the mayo's past
The expiration date—not *last*
November?! No, it can't be true.
The algae's brown and creeping fast.

The eggs are black, the meat is blue!
There's only one thing left to do:
Get the hose and hire a crew,
Get the hose and hire a crew.



10 of 36





Winter Sweetness

Langston Hughes

This little house is sugar.
Its roof with snow is piled,
And from its tiny window
Peeps a maple-sugar child.



Winter Warmth

J. Patrick Lewis

This little book is cocoa.

It warms me when it steams,
And from its toasty pages
Spiral my marshmallow dreams.



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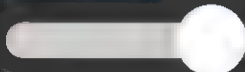
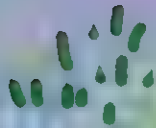




The Goblin

Jack Prelutsky

There's a goblin as green
As a goblin can be
Who is sitting outside
And is waiting for me.
When he knocked on my door
And said softly, "Come play!"
I answered, "No thank you,
Now please, go away!"



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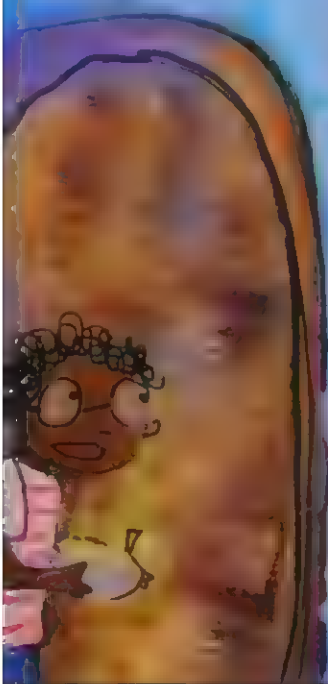




The Ogre

J. Patrick Lewis

There's an ogre as wide
As a flatbed truck
On my porch. He's got teeth
Like a gator's—all buck.
When he roars, "What's for lunch?!"
Something buckles—*my knees!*
But he grins when I cry,
"Macaroni and cheese?"



14 of 36





Mice

Rose Fyleman

I think mice
Are rather nice.

Their tails are long,
Their faces small,
They haven't any
Chins at all.
Their ears are pink,
Their teeth are white,
They run about
The house at night.
They nibble things
They shouldn't touch
And no one seems
To like them much.

But I think mice
Are nice.

16

Rats

16 of 36





And no one seems
To like them much.

But I think mice
Are nice.



Rats

J. Patrick Lewis

I think rats
Are really brats.

Their teeth are sharp,
Their hearts are black
As charcoal from
The love they lack.
They're rightly known
As evildoers
Who hatch their wicked
Plots in sewers.
Some folks who fail
To see the threat
May keep one as
A household pet.

But I think rats
Are brats.







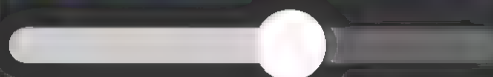


The little armadillo steps
Across the yellow line, and schle
Itself—a needlepoint woodchuck
In front of an enormous truck ...
Then waddles home. (Beginner's

“Hope” is the thing with feathers

Emily Dickinson

“Hope” is the thing with feathers—
That perches in the soul—
And sings the tune without the words—
And never stops—at all—



19 of 36

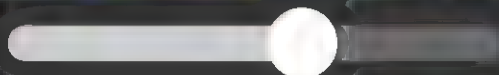




Grief is the thing with tissues

J. Patrick Lewis

Grief is the thing with tissues
For mopping up the tears,
So when you are in bed at night,
They won't fill up your ears.



20 of 36





The Eagle

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.



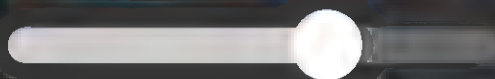


The Firefly

J. Patrick Lewis

She climbs late summer skies and sends
Important messages to friends ...
Confetti blinkers on rear ends.

Who knows which meadow she came from
Through cricket and cicada hum?
But look, she's waltzed onto my thumb.



22 of 36

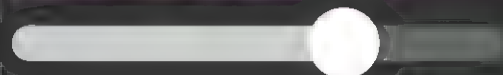




Infant Innocence

A. E. Housman

The Grizzly Bear is huge and wild;
He has devoured the infant child.
The infant child is not aware
He has been eaten by the bear.



23 of 36





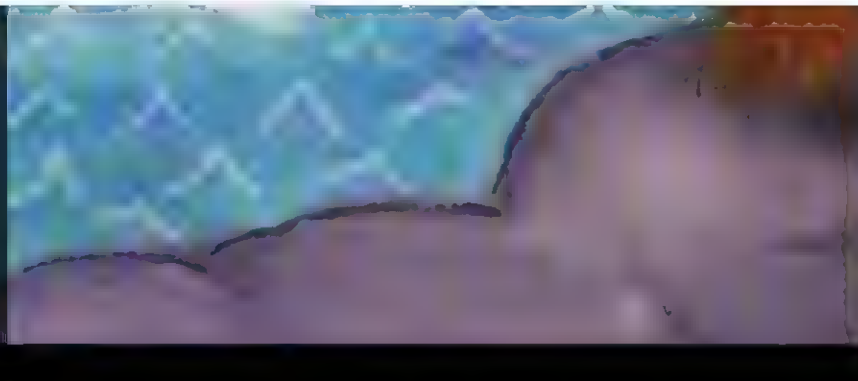
Fog

Carl Sandburg

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.





Grizzly Bear Reality

J. Patrick Lewis

The pinkish Infant Child turns red,
Especially when she's not been fed.
The Grizzly Bear was unaware
A hungry child could eat a bear.





Hail

J. Patrick Lewis

The hail flies
on furious hooves.

It batters cars
and rooftops,
slamming anger,
and then melts away.



This Is My Rock

David McCord

This is my rock,
And here I run
To steal the secret of the sun;

This is my rock,
And here come I
Before the night has swept the sky;

This is my rock,
This is the place
I meet the evening face to face.





This Is My Tree

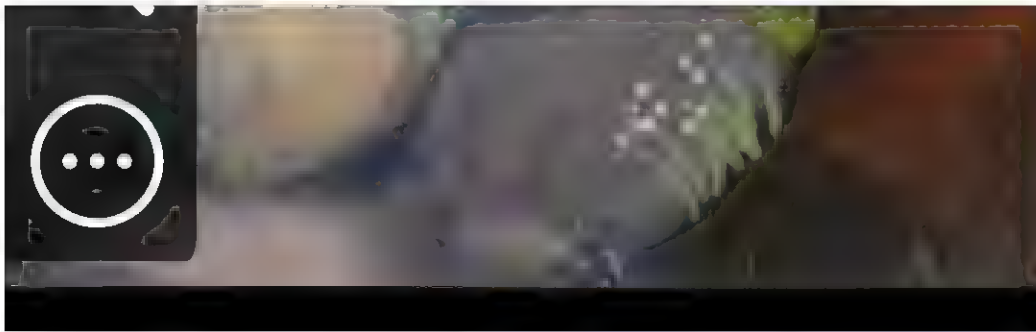
J. Patrick Lewis

This is my tree,
And here I climb
To grasp the endlessness of Time.

This is my tree,
And here I trace
Its limbs against the reach of Space.

This is my tree,
And from this berth
I take the measure of the Earth.



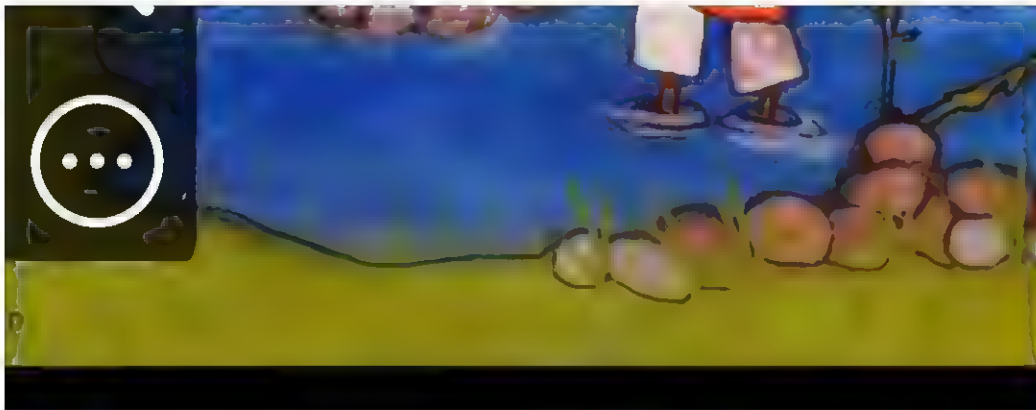


Happy Thought

Robert Louis Stevenson

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.





Sleepy Thought

J. Patrick Lewis

The world is so full of a number of dreams,
I'm sure all our pillows should burst at the seams.





Return now



Ready

by Rebecca Kai Dotlich

Stars sleep as I wake
to this brand-new school day
ready
to
smile.



Return now

i



Hamster Math

by Janet Settimo

I'm taking back these hamsters
I've kept all summer long.
I had no way of knowing
That something would go wrong.



When Teacher gave me Sam and Max,
Two furry, friendly guys,
She never guessed they'd multiply
Before my very eyes.

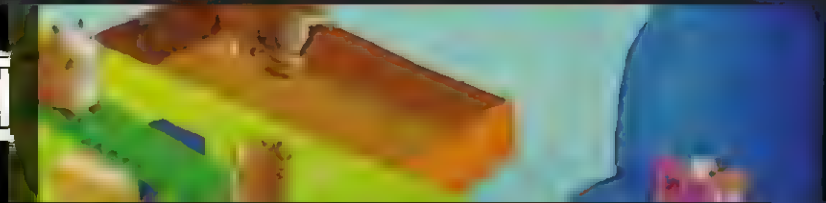


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Return now

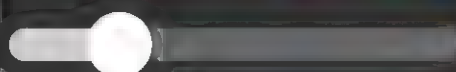
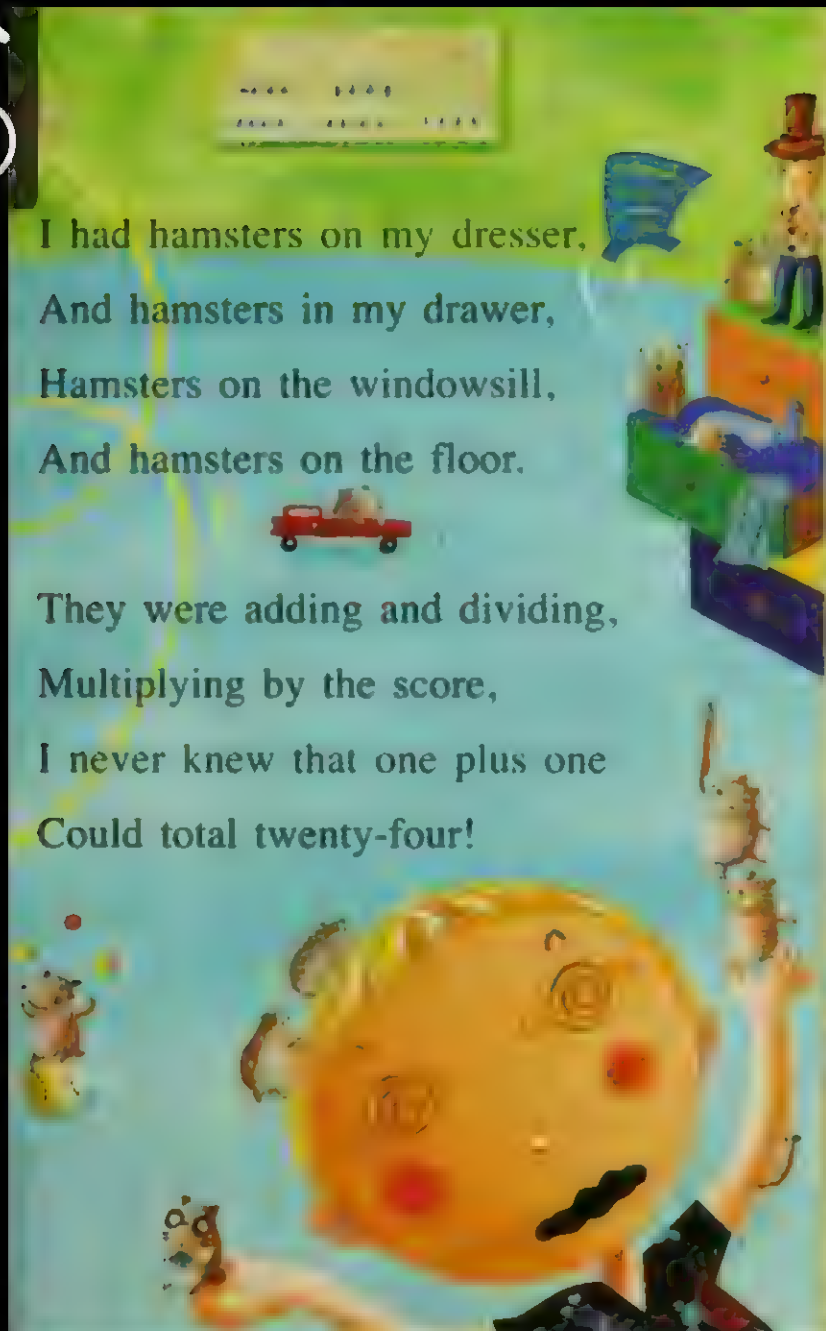
i



I had hamsters on my dresser,
And hamsters in my drawer,
Hamsters on the windowsill,
And hamsters on the floor.



They were adding and dividing,
Multiplying by the score,
I never knew that one plus one
Could total twenty-four!



10 of 46



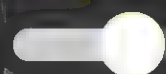
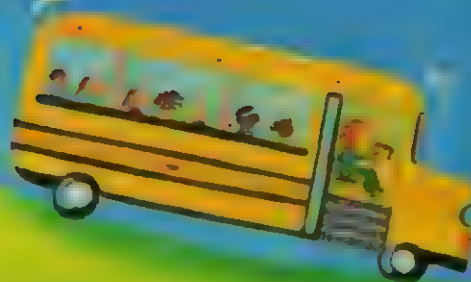
Return now



School Bus Driver.

by J. Patrick Lewis

I hear the engine humming
As she cruises by the street.
Waiting for a stoppage time?
To get on was his wish.



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Return now



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Return now



Backpack Buddy

by Rebecca Kai Dotlich

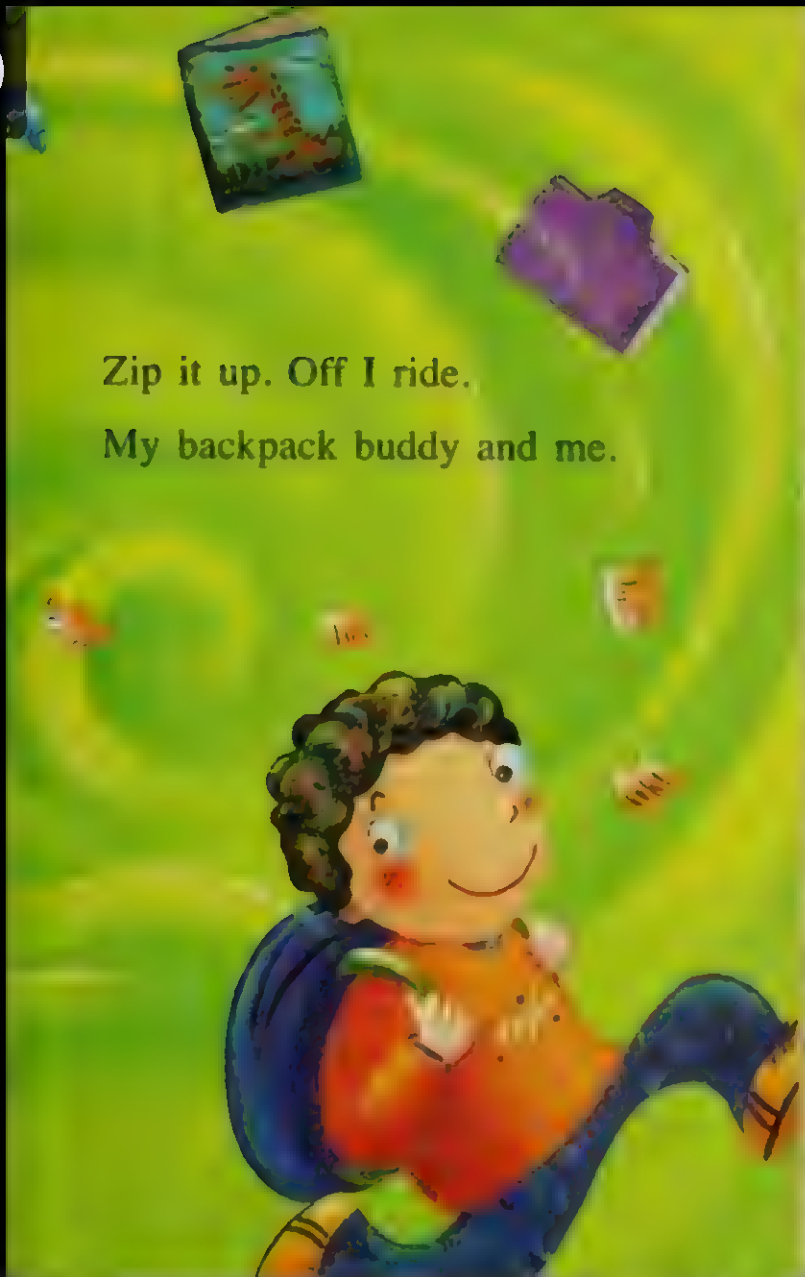
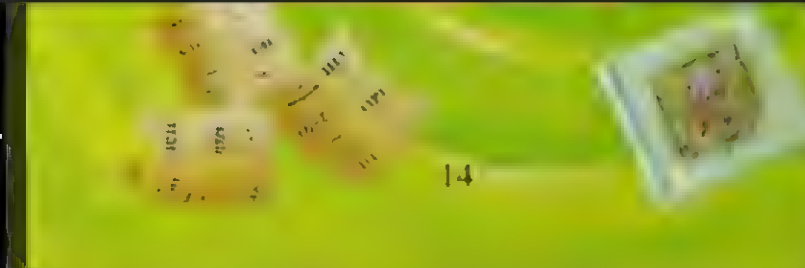
Zip it up. Off I ride,
everything I need inside . . .

sack of lunch, a permission note,
library books, a poem I wrote,
markers, folder, sticker stars,
a word list for our spelling bee . . .

14



Return now



14 of 46





Return now



My Teacher

by Lee Bennett Hopkins

My teacher
loves
reading books aloud
putting up new bulletin boards
taking vacations by the sea

but—

best of all
my teacher
loves
ME.

17



Return now

i



Show and Tell

by Elizabeth Upton

My shell
makes sounds
of waves rushing and crashing.
Somehow it saved up
seashore sounds
when it lived on the beach.
Do you want to hear
its ocean song?
Go ahead,
listen to my shell.



Return now

i



Maps

by Jane Yolen

We are making maps:
maps of our classroom,
maps of our school,
maps of our town.

We let our fingers walk
the straight lines
from window to door,
down school hallways
that gently curve,
along town streets
as crooked as question marks.



Return now



from window to door,
down school hallways
that gently curve,
along town streets
as crooked as question marks.

We trace old rail lines,
the bumps of mountains,
a blue swirl of river,
the broad turnpike lanes.
You can walk like that all day
and never get tired.



Return now



I zoom in.

I zoom out.

Secret places
hidden spaces
captured by
a magic eye . . .

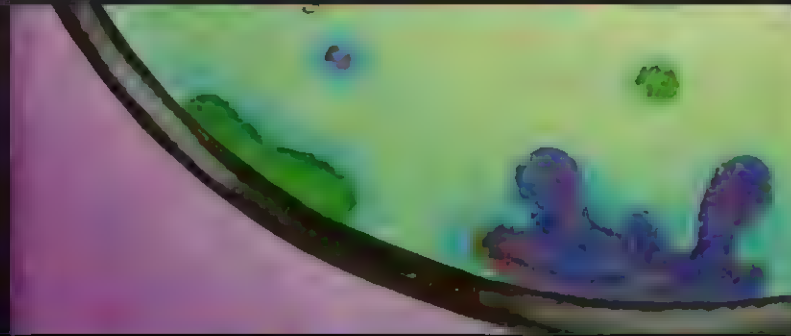
a tiny world
magnified.

Art Class





Return now

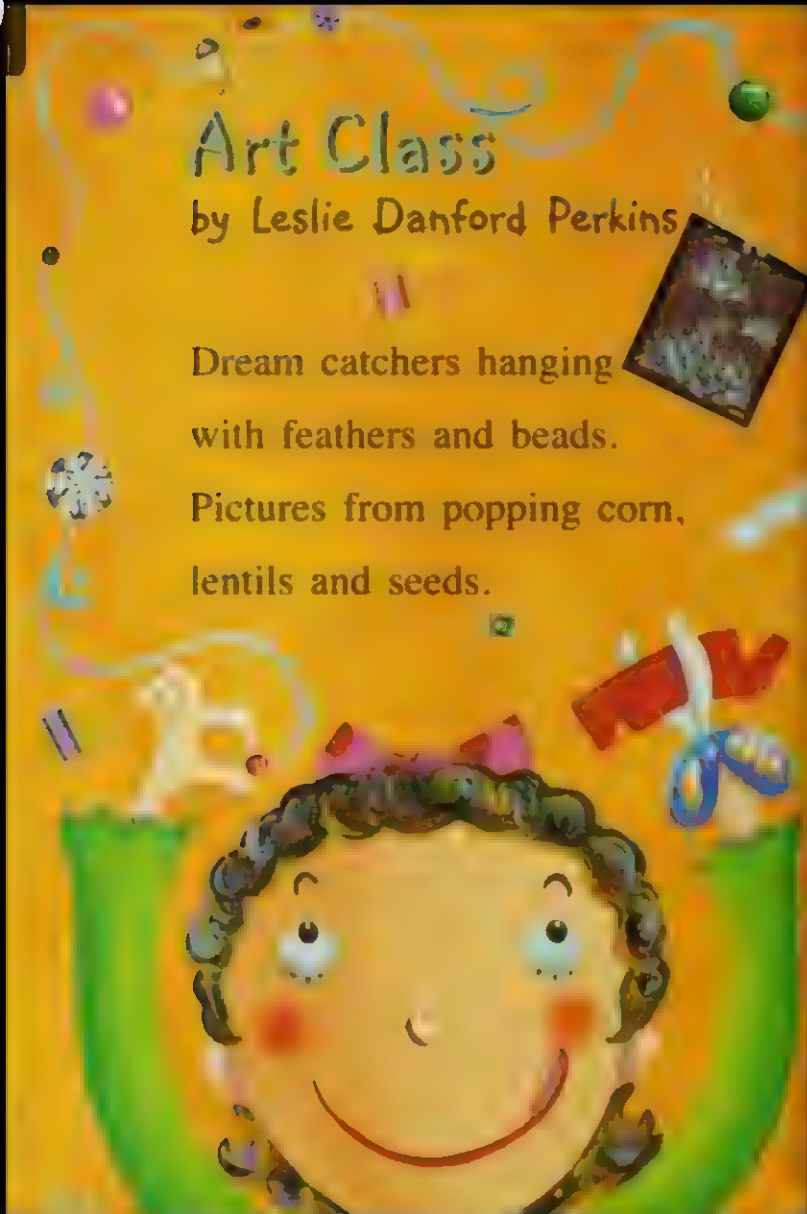


Art Class

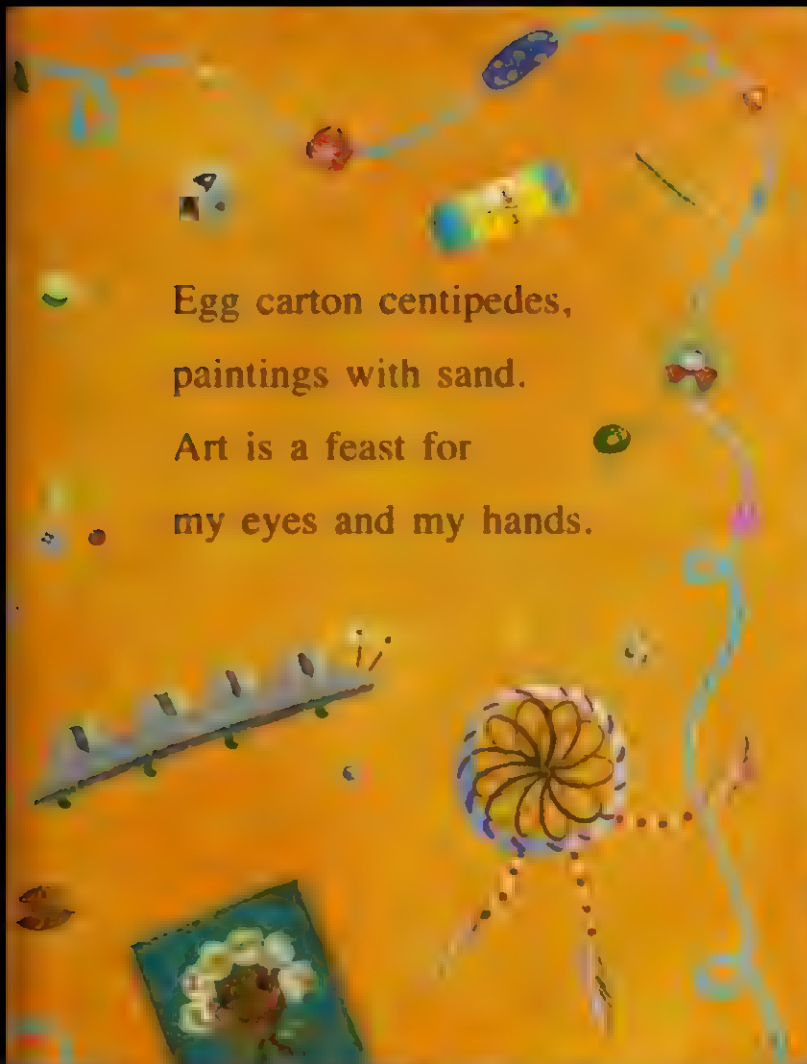
by Leslie Danford Perkins

Dream catchers hanging
with feathers and beads.

Pictures from popping corn,
lentils and seeds.



Return now



24 of 46





Return now



Library

by J. Patrick Lewis

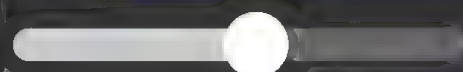
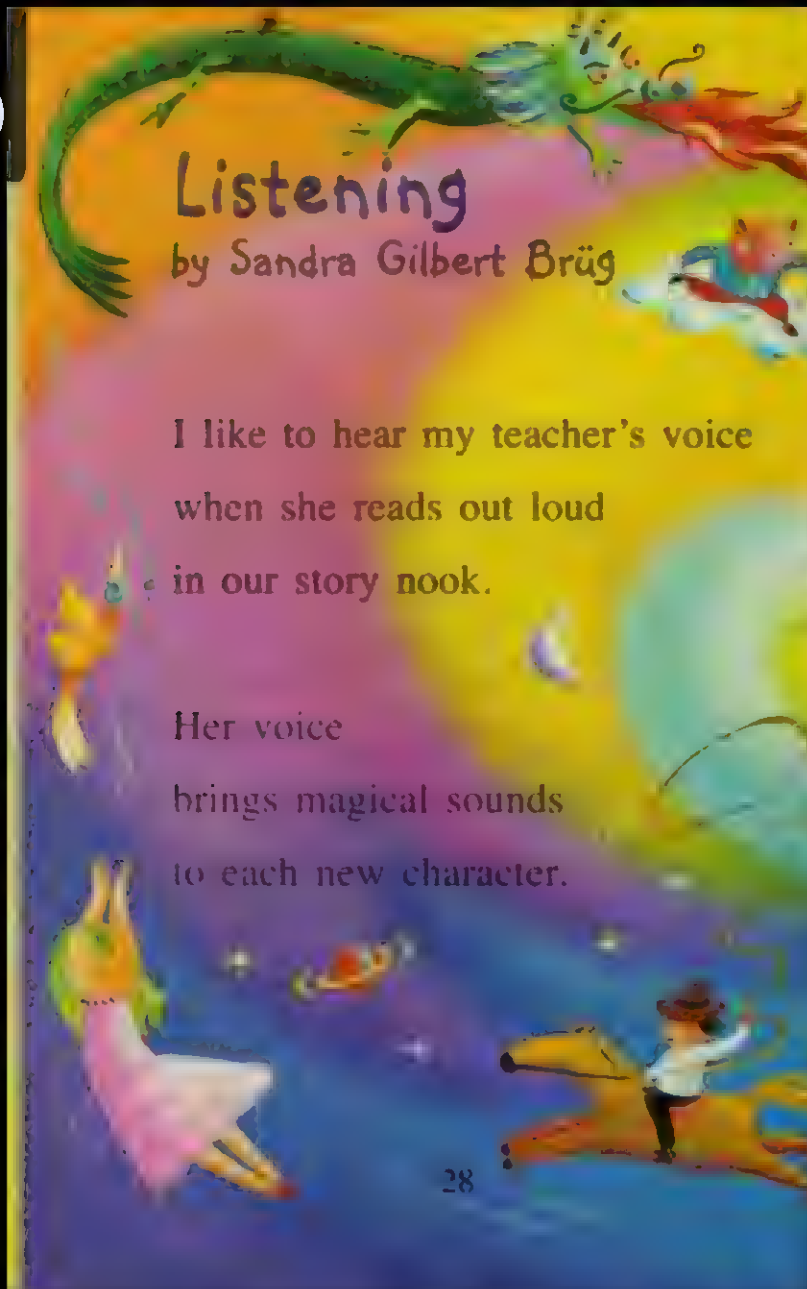
Come right in,
Look around
At all the treasures
That are bound
To make you glad
For a week or two
Until your treasure's
Overdue.



26



Return now



26 of 46





Return now



to each new character.

28

I sit close to my friends
on a fuzzy red rug—
like one big family

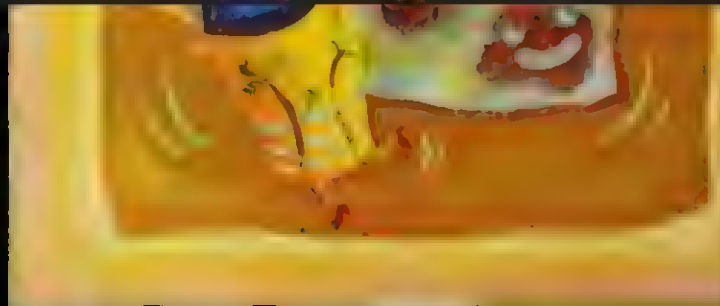
listening . . . loving
this book.

26 of 46



Return now

i



Lunch Bag

by Chetna Kotzas

Bulging

brown paper bag

hiding

one peanut butter sandwich,

round cookies,

chocolate and chipped,

sweet bubbly pineapple juice

with a twisty silver cap—

and

a little note that says:

I LOVE YOU.

GUESS WHO?



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Return now

i



I LOVE YOU.
GUESS WHO?



Buzz

by Ann Rousseau Smith

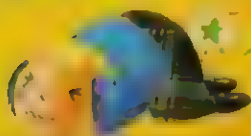
Buzz . . .

Inside our classroom
Zooms a bee.
It zips, dips,
Tries to flee.



Buzz . . .

As students duck
And papers fly,
The whizzing bee
Comes racing by.



32



Return now

i

*Buzz . . .*

As students duck
And papers fly,
The whizzing bee
Comes racing by.

32

Buzz . . .

It zigzags back
Above the floor.
At last it finds
An open door.

Buzzzzzz . . .

Return now



Not Fair

by David L. Harrison

Sitting in school

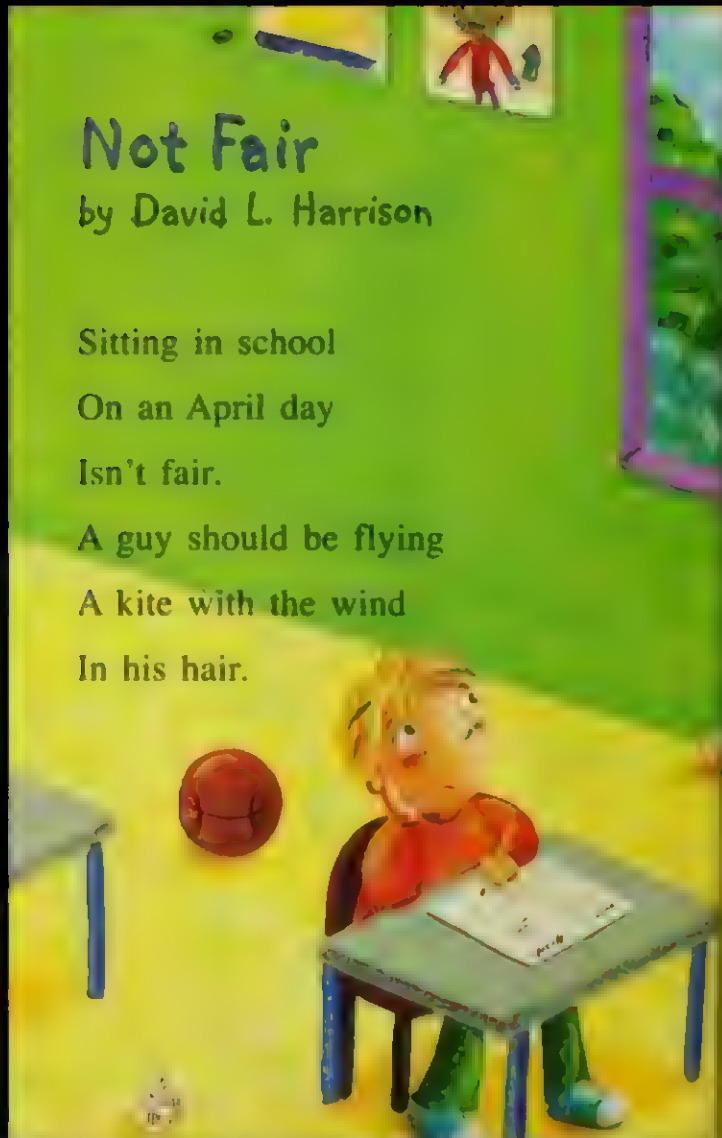
On an April day

Isn't fair.

A guy should be flying

A kite with the wind

In his hair.



33 of 46



Return now



I know I'm supposed
To be doing my math,
I don't care.

Sitting in school
On an April day
Isn't fair.

35

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Return now



To be doing my math,
I don't care.
Sitting in school
On an April day
Isn't fair.

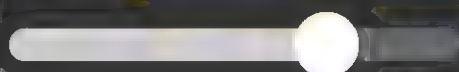
35



Question

by Alice Schertle

Pencil stub, I must
ask myself: How many more
poems are in you?

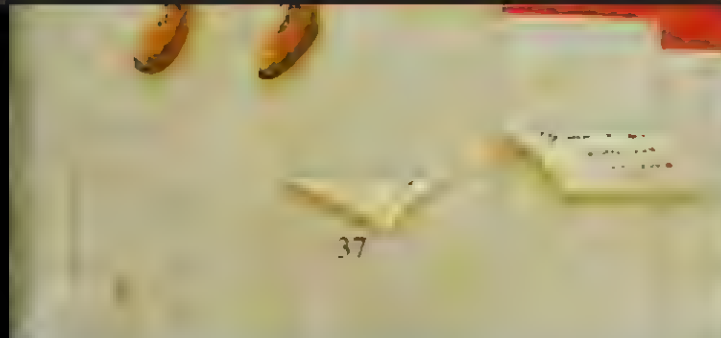


35 of 46



Return now

i



The Eraser Poem

by Louis Phillips

The eraser poem

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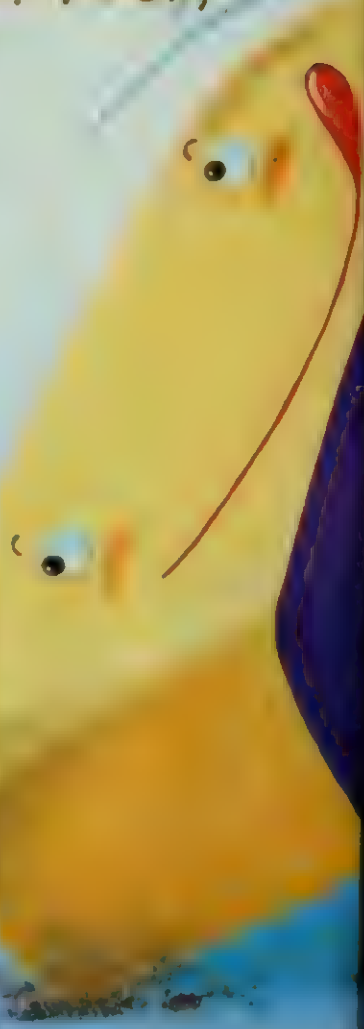
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Return now



Measles

by Bruce Lansky

There are measles on my forehead.
There are measles on my nose.
There are measles on my elbows.
There are measles on my toes.

There are measles on the carpet.
There are measles on the chair.
There are measles on my glasses.
There are measles in my hair.

40

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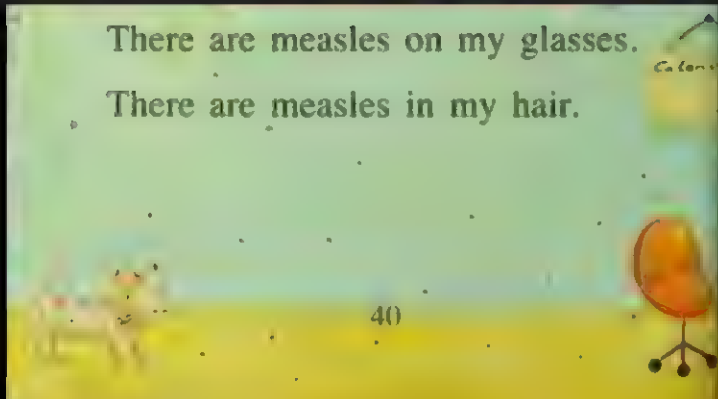


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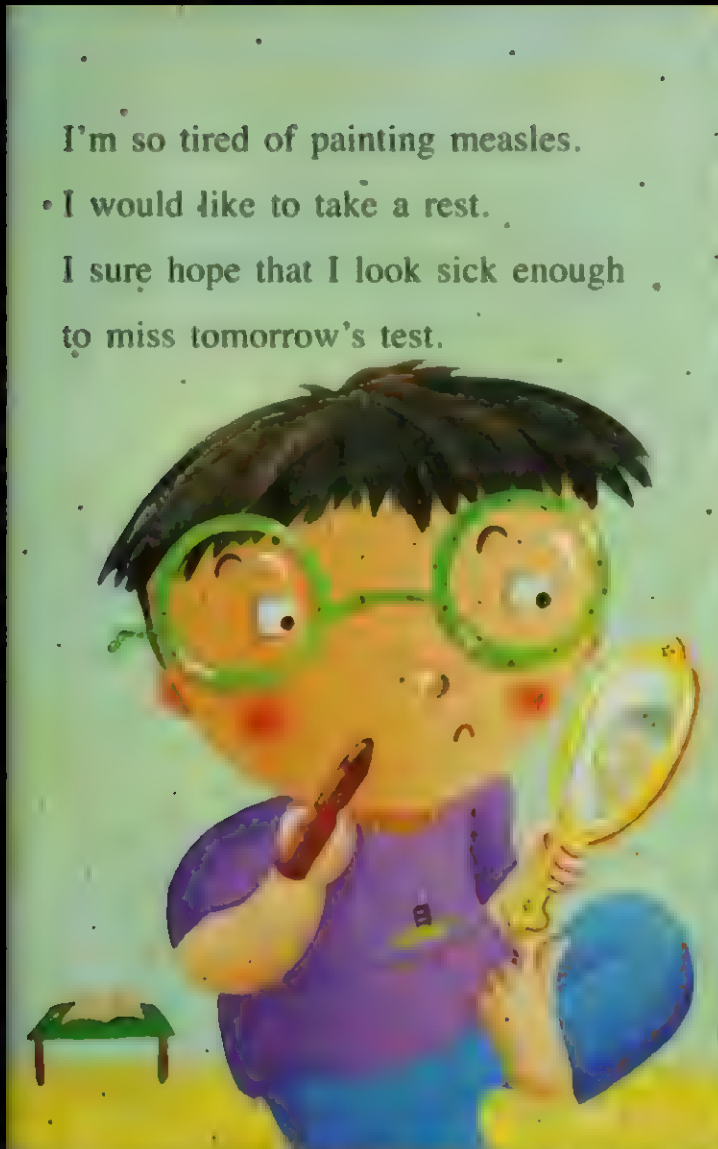
i



There are measles on my glasses.
There are measles in my hair.



I'm so tired of painting measles.
I would like to take a rest.
I sure hope that I look sick enough
to miss tomorrow's test.



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Return now

i



Spelling Bee

by Heidi Bee Roemer

Knees knocking.

Heart pounding.

I hear my teacher say,

"TARANTULA."

I spell the word.

I got it right!

Hip,

hip,

hip,

hooray!



Return now



School Play

by Amy Ludwig VanDerwater

A stage
with velvet curtains
is tucked inside my heart
where you can find me
in my costume
practicing my part
every night—
every day.

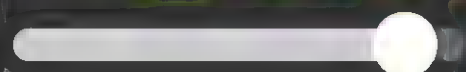
I will

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Return now



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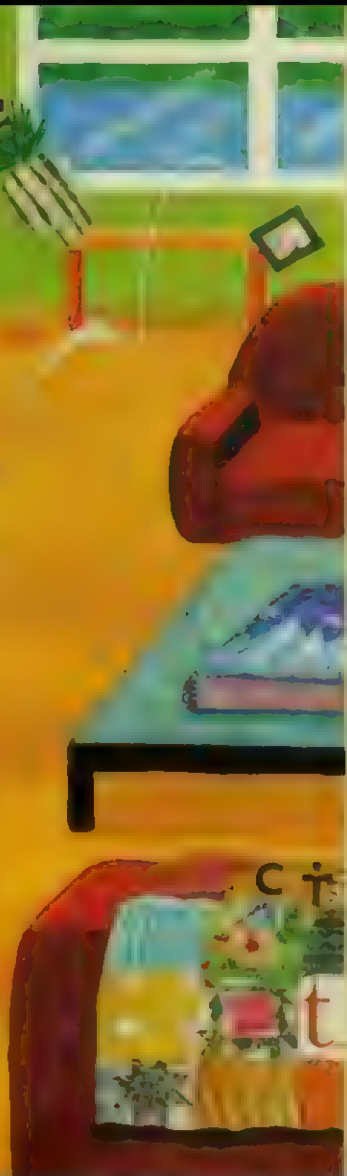
Return now



True Love

by Linda Kulp

Every day
after school
my cat sits
on the windowsill
waiting,
watching
for me
to come home
from school.
I open
the door
to her
purr-ing.



46 of 46





Return now



Do you suppose anyone knows
If animals like to spend
Their lives in hives and dingy dives?
"What would you recommend

In place of holes and Goldfish bowls,
Dark caves and distant trees?"
I asked a Bird, a Frog, a herd
Of Hippos. "Tell me, please,

Where would you stay . . . just for a day?"
I telephoned Giraffe.
He wasn't there—I called a Bear
And asked on his behalf.

And each one said, "A comfortable bed
That's certainly not in a cage!
We'd live on a street with all of the
Creature comforts. Turn the page!"

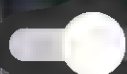




Return now



Oh, where would a Flamingo go?
She'd go to a Flamingolow,
A flaming hot pink bungalow
Beside the steamy jungle-o.



(8 of 40)





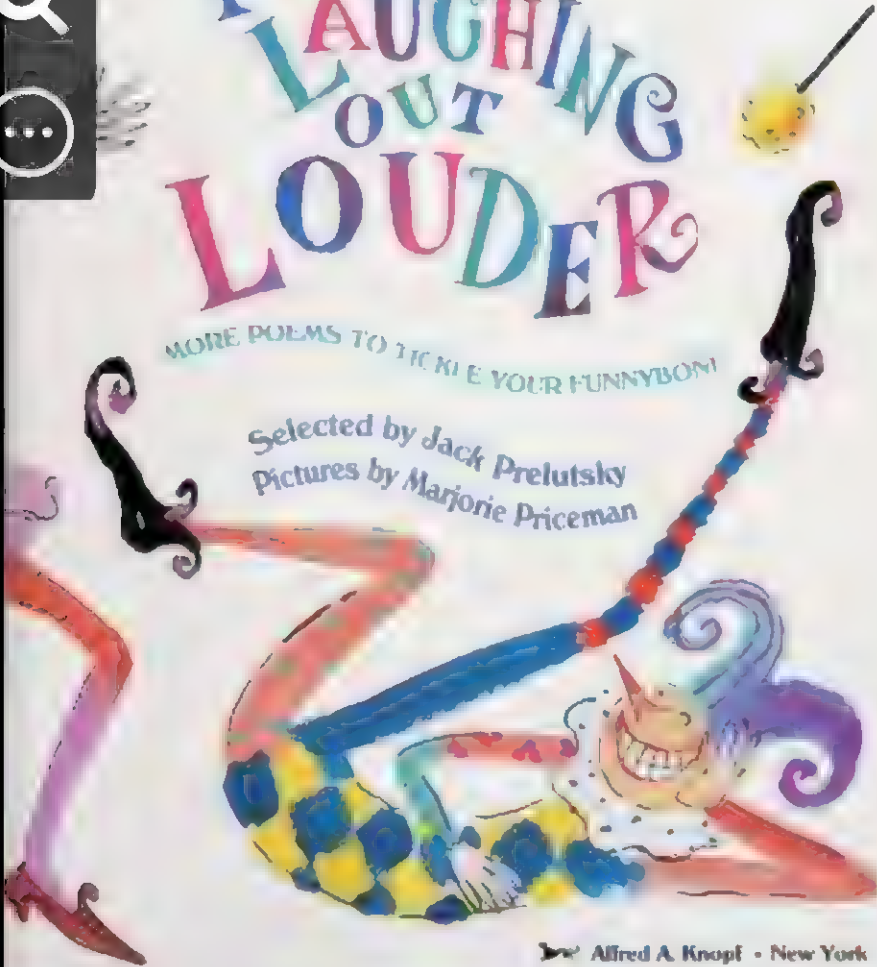
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FOR LAUGHING LOUDER

MORE POEMS TO TICKLE YOUR FUNNYBONE!

Selected by Jack Prelutsky
Pictures by Marjorie Priceman



Alfred A. Knopf • New York

To Julia, Susan, Mary and Rick

(4 of 48)



Toes in My Nose

I stuck my toes
In my nose
And I couldn't get them out.
It looked a little strange
And people began to shout.
"Why would you ever?
My goodness—I never!"
They got in a terrible snit.
It's simple, I said
As they put me to bed.
I just wanted to see
If they fit.

—Sylvia Frost





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It's

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If d

A Young Lady Named Rose

There was a young lady named Rose
Who was constantly blowing her nose;
Because of this failing
They sent her off whaling
So the whalers could say: "Thar she blows!"

—William Jay Smith






Noisome Naomi

"Naomi's such a nuisance,"
The neighbors all complain.
"That nasty little numbskull,
She's at it once again.

"Her voice is like a needle,
Her tales are never true,
Her language is so noxious
It turns the devil blue!

"Naomi is a nightmare,
She's nervy as a newt.
Her ma and pa are nitwits—
They think Naomi's cute."



-Jeanne Szig



For laughing o...
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